

लाल बहादुर शास्त्री राष्ट्रीय प्रशासन अकादमी

L.B.S. National Academy of Administration

मसूरी

MUSSOORIE

पुस्तकालय

LIBRARY

अवाप्ति संख्या

Accession No.

~~17637~~ 112292

वर्ग संख्या

Class No.

828

पुस्तक संख्या

Book No.

Eng

## PELICAN BOOKS

*Advisory Editors:* H. L. BEALES, Reader in Economic History, University of London; W. E. WILLIAMS, Secretary, the British Institute of Adult Education

---

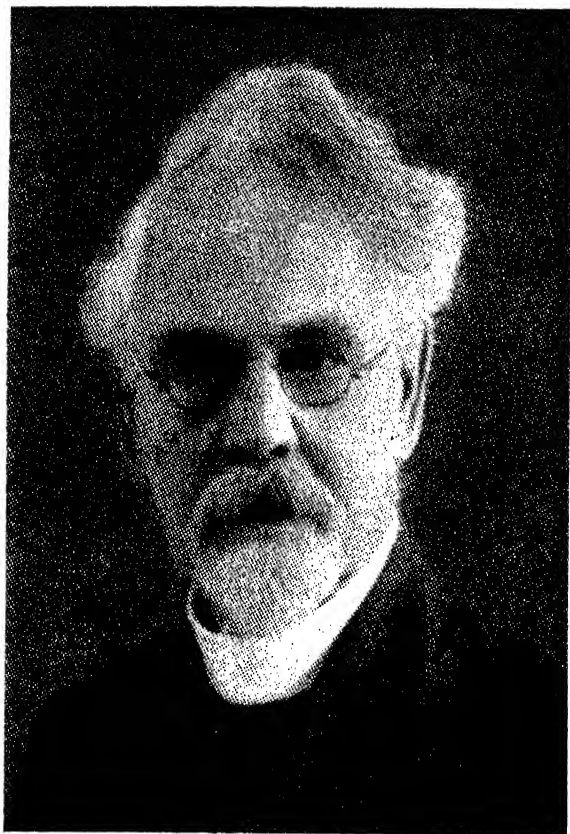
### ENGLISH DIARIES OF THE XVI, XVII AND XVIII CENTURIES

Edited by  
JAMES AITKEN

#### PUBLISHER'S NOTE

If you are not already on our mailing list and would like to know when new books are added, please send in your name and address on a postcard.

Suggestions for new additions are welcomed.



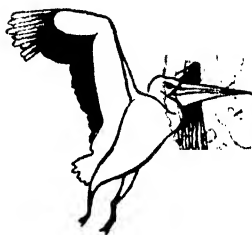
### JAMES AITKEN

Born in Glasgow, James Aitken graduated at Glasgow University in 1890, and studied theology in Edinburgh, afterwards serving for more than forty years in the Ministry of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland, South America and New Zealand. He founded, and for twenty-six years edited *The Break of Day*, has had published a study of *The Book of Job*, and, while in New Zealand, did a considerable amount of journalistic work. He is very interested in education, having taught for eight years. Is now retired and lives at Aberdeen.

PELICAN BOOKS

**ENGLISH DIARIES**  
**OF THE XVI, XVII AND XVIII CENTURIES**

*Edited by*  
**JAMES AITKEN**



PUBLISHED BY  
**ALLEN LANE**  
**PENGUIN BOOKS**

HARMONDSWORTH MIDDLESEX ENGLAND  
41 EAST 28TH STREET NEW YORK U.S.A.



**This selection published in Pelican Books 1941**

**MADE AND PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN FOR PENGUIN BOOKS LIMITED  
BY R. & R. CLARK, LIMITED, EDINBURGH**

Chimney Association  
INTRODUCTION

THERE are diaries and diaries. Some, it must be confessed, make as dull reading as a Telephone Directory, others are as interesting as the most engrossing novel. Something depends on the style in which they are written. Not that a display of literary art is wanted : it is often a homely and natural way of putting things that pleases us most. Fielding's neat paragraphs are less attractive than Celia Fiennes' ramblings. But the matter is the thing. What the author jots down in his diary from day to day, counts far more than his manner of expressing himself. We do not tarry long over the clergyman who notes little besides the baptisms, marriages and deaths in his parish ; but Swift, Pepys, Fanny Burney, will hold our attention by the hour.

The English Diaries which have come down to us from the XVI, XVII and XVIII centuries are invaluable sources of information, and that of the most varied character. Great historical events are reflected in them. We can live through the Great Plague of 1665 with Evelyn, and the Great Fire in London the following year with Pepys ; or sit with Percival at the Board which discusses the affairs of the infant colony of Georgia ; or stand beside Elizabeth Byrom when she watches the progress of Charles Edward through Lancashire in 1745. Though often disappointed in the description of great personages, we can examine with interest and sympathy the companion portraits of Pepys by Evelyn and Evelyn by Pepys. We may learn, too, what life in England was like for the people who lived in "the good old days." Countess Cowper and Fanny Burney will tell us how the weeks passed at the court of the Georges : Thomas Turner will show us how some at least of the humble villagers did. The troubles of the traveller appear in the pages of John Bufton and

Celia Fiennes, what the roads were like, and the inns, and how long it took to go from London to Ireland. Life was leisurely then : neither the post nor the carrier hurried : letters and parcels took their time to reach their destination.

A hundred sidelights on a bygone era flash from those old diaries. The stratification of society was more rigid than it is now and seldom broken through. The conditions of labour were what they were : masters cudgelled their menservants for trivial faults and even whipped their maidservants for carelessness. Wages were low. The houses of the rich were grand rather than comfortable, and those of the poor in some places at least appalling. Yet rich and poor alike had their recurring days of pleasure, their social functions, their recreations, their delight in the sunshine of summer when the dread dark winter was gone. All this we can read of in the diaries, catching glimpses as we turn the pages of the beliefs and superstitions, the manners and morals of the times. We meet with faith in astrology, the cruel treatment of innocent old women accused of witchcraft, the extraordinary custom of showing hospitality to a guest by making his coachman drunk, and many such queer ways our ancestors had of thinking and acting. It is thus we come in a measure to sense the atmosphere of an age that is past.

The most interesting element in all the diaries is, of course, the personality of the diarist himself. What kind of man was he whose private memoranda we are permitted to peruse ? What was his outlook on life ? How did he react to his experiences ? What were his virtues and his failings, his ambitions, his triumphs and defeats, his joys and sorrows and perplexities, his ways of amusing himself, his mode of behaviour among his friends and in his home ? It is one thing to know Swift as the author of *Gulliver's Travels* and *The Tale of a Tub* : it is quite another thing to know him as the author of *The Journal to Stella*. Pepys probably comes first within our ken as a conscious and deliberate

hedonist ; but he was more than that, a loyal civil servant, a wise administrator, a lover of music and the drama, a connoisseur of the arts : and his many-sided character constitutes the chief fascination of his incomparable diary—"The most undress record in our literature," as it has been called. Not every diarist, however, is so self-revealing. There are some whose individuality can be but dimly discerned behind their arid annals. But the best of them put themselves into their stories, and it is they whom we cherish and enjoy.

The motives which impel men to keep diaries are various. With some it is merely a desire to make notes of things that happen as an aid to memory : they have no thought of benefiting posterity by their work. Others have posterity distinctly in view. They hope that their pages will be read after they are gone by an interested public, or at least by the circle of their relatives and friends. Wesley published portions of his *Journal* in his own lifetime. Fielding intended his *Voyage to Lisbon* to make some provision for his widow and family. Celia Fiennes, though she did not think of publication, believed that her record of her travels might induce those into whose hands it fell to explore their own country rather than follow the fashion of a continental tour. The motive of self-discipline and self-improvement is not uncommon. This accounts for the penitences, the resolutions and the prayers in the diaries of persons of deep religious feeling. On the other hand there are diaries that owe their origin simply to an urge for self-expression that will not be resisted. Fanny Burney at the age of fifteen began her journal with a dedication to "Nobody." She meant it to be for herself alone. It changed its character as the years went by and became more like a circular letter to a small group of the people she loved best ; but the urge to write is apparent to the end. It is difficult to imagine why Pepys kept day by day so minute and frank an account of his doings, and that in shorthand and cipher, unless it was simply because he could not help it. He

began it and he could not stop, till trouble with his eyes compelled him to. Certainly the best of the diaries are those for which we can assign no other motive than this.

The aim of this book is to introduce the reader to some of the most interesting English diaries of the XVI, XVII and XVIII centuries, not only the best known but some of the less familiar: and to exhibit their qualities and characteristics by passages of some length rather than by catenae of short quotations. Old-fashioned spelling has been modernised, except in a few instances such as names of persons and places. Hearty thanks are due to Messrs. Macmillan & Co. for permission generously given to quote freely from their Globe Edition of *Pepys*, and likewise to the Committee of the Leyland Free Library, Hindley, for permission to quote from the recently published *Diary of Richard Lowe*. We are also indebted to the following learned societies: the Camden Society for *John Dee*, *Thomas Cartwright* and *Edward Lake*; the Cheetham Society for *Elizabeth Byrom*; the Surtees Society for *Adam Eyre*; the Sussex Archaeological Society for *Thomas Turner*; the Essex Archaeological Society for *John Bufton*; and the Historical Manuscripts Commission for *Viscount Percival*. The remaining extracts are taken from these editions: *The Literary Remains of Edward VI*, 1857; Bray's Edition of *John Evelyn*, 1818, reprinted in the Chandos Classics; *Teonge's Diary*, 1825; Celia Fiennes' *Through England on a Side-Saddle in the time of William and Mary*, 1888; *The Diary of Mary, Countess Cowper*, 1804; Henry Fielding's *Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*, 1892; Geo. Bell & Son's edition of Swift's *Journal to Stella*, 1897; *The Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay*, 1842; and *The Works of the Rev. John Wesley*, 1809.

# CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDWARD VI (1537-1553) . . . . .	11
JOHN DEE (1527-1608) . . . . .	14
ROGER LOWE ( <i>d.</i> 1679) . . . . .	18
ADAM EYRE ( <i>b.</i> 1614) . . . . .	22
JOHN EVELYN (1620-1706) . . . . .	24
SAMUEL PEPYS (1633-1703) . . . . .	39
HENRY TEONGE (1620-1690) . . . . .	57
EDWARD LAKE (1642-1704) . . . . .	62
JOHN BUFTON . . . . .	64
THOMAS CARTWRIGHT (1634-1680) . . . . .	65
CELIA FIENNES . . . . .	67
JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745) . . . . .	69
MARY, COUNTESS COWPER . . . . .	97
JOHN PERCIVAL, EARL OF EGMONT (1683-1748) . . . . .	99
JOHN WESLEY (1703-1791) . . . . .	103
ELIZABETH BYROM (1722-1801) . . . . .	118
HENRY FIELDING (1707-1754) . . . . .	121
THOMAS TURNER (1729- ? ) . . . . .	125
FANNY BURNEY, MADAME D'ARBLAY (1752-1840) . . . . .	129
INDEX . . . . .	155.

## SOURCES

EVELYN	<i>Chandos Classics</i> (reprint of Wm. Bray's Edition of 1818)
PEPYS	Globe Edition, 1905 (by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.)
TEONGE	<i>Teonge's Diary</i> , 1825
CELIA FIENNES	<i>Through England on a Side-Saddle in the Time of William and Mary</i> , 1888
COUNTESS COWPER	<i>Diary of Mary, Countess Cowper</i> , 1804
FIELDING	<i>Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon</i> , ed. 1892
SWIFT	<i>Journal to Stella</i> , Geo. Bell & Sons, 1897
D'ARBLAY	<i>Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay</i> , London, 1842
WESLEY	<i>The Works of the Rev. John Wesley</i> , London, 1809
EDWARD VI	<i>Clarendon Historical Reprints</i> , 1884
JOHN DEE	<i>Camden Society's Transactions</i>
CARTWRIGHT	" " "
LAKE	" " "
BUFTON	<i>Essex Archaeological Transactions</i>
PERCIVAL	<i>Historical Manuscripts Commission</i>
ELIZ. BYROM	<i>Cheetham Society's Transactions</i>
TURNER	<i>Sussex Archaeological Collections</i>
EYRE	<i>Surtees Society's Transactions</i>
LOWE	<i>The Diary of Roger Lowe</i> , Longmans, 1938

ENGLISH DIARIES  
OF THE XVI, XVII AND XVIII CENTURIES

EDWARD VI  
1537-1553

EDWARD'S Diary bears witness to the extraordinary talents of the boy. He was nine years old when he came to the throne : he died at sixteen. Though under a Council of Regency he took a keen interest in the affairs of state, and for several years of his brief reign he kept a "Chronicle," as he called it, of events. A few extracts will show its quality. We see him playing the king in his reception of the French ambassadors, and manifesting his vehement protestantism in his treatment of his sister Mary. Despite his precocity, however, and his concern with high politics, he was a human boy and cared for tournaments, bear-baitings and such-like things.

*1550, May 24.* The ambassadors came to me, presenting the ligier, and also delivering letters of credence from the French King.

25. The ambassadors came to the court, where they saw me take the oath for the acceptation of the treaty, and afterward dined with me ; and after dinner saw a pastime of ten against ten at the ring, whereof on the one side were the Duke of Southfolk, the Vice-dam, the Lord Lisle and seven other gentlemen apparelled in yellow ; and on the other, the Lord Strange, Mons. Henadory, and eight other, in blue.

26. The ambassadors saw the baiting of the bears and bulls.

27. The ambassadors after they had hunted sat with me at supper.

28. The same went to see Hampton Court, where



they did hunt, and the same night do return to Durasme place.

25<sup>1</sup> One that, by way have mariage, had thought to assemble the people, and so to make an insurrection in Kent, was taken by the gentlemen of the shire, and afterward punished.

29. The ambassadors had a fair supper made them by the Duke of Somerset, and afterwards went on the Thames, and saw both the bear hunted in the river, and also wildfire cast out of boats, and many pretty conceits.

30. The ambassadors took their leave, and the next day departed.

*1550, March 18.* The Lady Mary my sister came to me to Westminster, where after salutations she was called with my counsel into a chamber, where was declared how long I had suffered her mass against my will in hope of her reconciliation, and how now, being no hope, which I perceived by her letters, except I saw some short amendment, I could not bear it. She answered that her soul was God's and her faith she would not change, nor dissemble her opinion with contrary doings. It was said I constrained not her faith, but willed her (not as a King to rule, but) as a subject to obey. And that her example might breed to much inconvenience.

19. Th' emperor's ambassador came with short message from his master of war, if I would not suffer his cousin the princess to use her mass. To this was no answer given it at this time.

*1551, Aug. 9.* 24 Lords of the Council met at Richmond to commune of my sister Marie's matter: who at length agreed that it was not meet to be suffered any longer, making thereof an instrument signed with their hands and sealed, to be of record.

29. Certain pinnaces were prepared to see that there should be no conveyance oversea of the Lady Marie

<sup>1</sup> The order of dates is as here. The phrase "by way have mariage" is obscure.

secretly done. Also appointed that an Lord Chancellor, lord Chamberlain, and vice-chamberlain, and the secretary Petre, should see by all means they could whether she used the mass, and if she did, that the laws should be executed on her chaplains. Also that when I came from this progress to Hampton Court, or Westminster, both my sisters should be with me till further order was taken for this purpose.

## JOHN DEE

1527-1608

THIS diary is brief and succinct. It is written in English for the most part ; but every here and there a Latin phrase or sentence slips in, as though the diarist was accustomed to use both languages even in his thinking. He has a quaint way, too, of writing an English sentence in Greek characters occasionally, perhaps to ensure secrecy from prying eyes in his household. Dee was an astrologer, and in all good faith practised the art for gain. Many of his notes record the days, hours and minutes of his clients' births : many are entries of moneys received and paid. There are allusions to lawsuits and somewhat frequent references to persons who have used him ill. But he had many friends and was a lovable man withal. He lived a busy life. His interests extended beyond his profession : he produced works on navigation, Calendar Reform and other subjects. Isaac D'Israeli says of him, however, that his imagination often predominated over his science.

*1581, Aug. 3.* All the night very strange knocking and rapping in my chamber.

4. And this night likewise. Katherin<sup>1</sup> was sent home from nurse Maspely of Barnes, for fear of her maid's sickness, and goodwife Benet gave her suck.

11. Katherin Dee was shifted to nurse Garret at Petersham on Friday, the next day after St. Lawrence day, being the 11th day of the month ; my wife went on foot with her, and Ellen Cole, my maid, George and Benjamin, in very great showers of rain.

26, *about 8½ (at night).* A strange meteor in form of a white cloud crossing galasiram, when it lay north and south over our zenith ; this cloud was at length from the S.E. to the S.W. sharp at both ends, and in the west end it was forked for a while ; it was about sixty degrees high, it lasteth an hour, all the sky clear about, and fair starshine.

<sup>1</sup> His daughter.

*Sept. 5.* Roger Cook, who had been with me from his 14 years of age till 28, of a melancholic nature, picking and desiring occasions of just cause to depart on the sudden, about 4 of the clock in the afternoon requested of me license to depart, whereupon rose hot words between us ; and he, imagining with himself that he had the 12 of July deserved my great displeasure and finding himself barred from view of my philosophical dealing with Mr. Henrik, thought that he was utterly recest from intended goodness toward him. Notwithstanding Roger Cook his unseemly dealing, I promised him, if he used himself toward me now in his absence, one hundred pounds, as soon as of my own clean ability I might spare so much ; and moreover, if he used himself well in life toward God and the world, I promised him some pretty alchemical experiments, whereupon he might honestly live.

7. Roger Cook went altogether from me.

29. Robert Gardner of Shrewsbury came to my service.

*1590, Aug. 2.* Mrs. Stoner's son born circa horam tertiam a meridie. Nurse her great affliction of mind.

5. Rowland<sup>1</sup> fell into the Thames over head and ears about noon or somewhat after.

8. I gave nurse Barwick six shillings, so she is paid for the half year due on Wednesday next.

9. I paid Mr. Lee, the schoolmaster, 5 shillings.

22. Ann my nurse had long been tempted by a wicked spirit : but this day it was evident how she was possessed of him. God is, hath been, and shall be her protector and deliverer ! Amen.

25. Ann Frank was sorrowful, well comforted and stayed in God's mercies acknowledging.

26. At night I anointed (in the name of Jesus) Ann Frank her breast with the holy oil.

30. In the morning she required to be anointed, and I did very devoutly prepare myself, and pray for virtue

<sup>1</sup> His son.

and power and Christ his blessing of the oil to the expulsion of the wicked ; and then twice anointed, the wicked one did resist awhile.

*Sept. 1.* I received letters from Sir Edward Kelley by Francis Garland.

8. Nurse Ann Frank would have drowned herself in my well, but by divine Providence I came to take her up before she was overcome of the water.

23 (*Sunday*). I gave Nurse Barwick six shillings for a month's wages to end on Wednesday come a fortnight ; Mrs. Stackden was by.

29. Nurse Ann Frank most miserably did cut her own throat, afternoon about four of the clock, pretending to be in prayer before her keeper, and suddenly and very quickly rising from prayer, and going toward her chamber, as the maiden her keeper thought, but indeed straight way down the stairs into the hall of the other house, behind the door, did that horrible act ; and the maiden who waited on her at the stair foot followed her, and missed to find her in three or four places, till at length she heard her rattle in her own blood.

*1593, Sept. 28.* Tempestuous, windy, cloudy, hail and rain, after three of the clock after noon. Remember that the last day of this month Elizabeth Kyrton, who had served me twelve years, five years upon prenticeship and seven for wages, five years thereof for four nobles a year, and the two last for five nobles the year, was paid her full payment now remaining due ; whereupon she received £4.4s. for her due of wages remaining ; and I gave her moreover an half angel new in gold, and my wife another ; Arthur half-a-crown for him and his brother ; Katheryn half-a-crown for her and her sister. And so she went from my service upon no due cause known to me.

*1594, March 20.* I did, before Barthilmew Hickman pay Letice her full year's wages ending the 7th day of

April next, her wages being four nobles, an apron, a pair of hose and shoes.

23. I gave Barthilmew Hickman the nag which the Lord Keeper had given me. Barthilmew Hickman and William his brother went homeward. Magus disclosed by friendship of Mr. Richard Alred. A sudden pang of anger between Mr. Nichols and me.

28. Mr. Francis Garland brought me Sir Edward Kelley and his brother's letters.

31. A great fit of the stone in my left kidney. All day I could do but three or four drops of water, but I drunk a draught of white wine and salad oil, and after that crab's eyes in powder with the bone in the carp's head, and about four of the clock I did eat toasted cake buttered, and with sugar and nutmeg on it, and drunk two great draughts of ale with it ; and I voided within an hour much water, and a stone as big as an Alexander seed. God be thanked ! Five shillings to Robert Webb, part of his wages.

## ROGER LOWE

d. 1679

HERE is a diary from the humbler walks of life. Roger Lowe was an apprentice who kept his master's branch shop in Ashton-in-Makerfield, Lancashire. He was a sociable youth, knew everybody in the town and in the country round about, and having a little education in an illiterate community, was much in request for making wills, drawing up agreements, casting accounts, writing family letters and love letters too. From 1663 to 1674 he made notes of where he went, who were his companions, his petty expenses, his quarrels and reconciliations, his business anxieties, his religious confidence and hope. He was a staunch Presbyterian when non-conformity was a crime, and numbered many of the ejected ministers among his friends; but the events of the great world, except in so far as they touched his church interests, troubled him not at all. Yet his diary is worthy of study inasmuch as it lets us see how a young provincial trader "in good King Charles's golden days" steered his way through life.

1664, May 1 (*Lord's day*). I was somewhat pensive all day in consideration of my unsettlements in this world, but yet much comforted in trusting in God. They're not so happy as have these worldly enjoyments as those who have God for their Lord. Ann Greinsworth very earnestly invited me to Bainforlonge, and I promised to come.

3 (*Tuesday*). Henry Feilding, an hour-glass maker whom I had hour-glasses of, came, and I was engaged for 1 dozen and  $\frac{1}{2}$  of hour-glasses and this day I paid him and made meet with him and upon.

4. Being Wednesday, I took 30 glasses more, and he intended for Leigh and I writ a letter to John Chadocke to move him to take some of him, and a very honest man he was to me. I had them of the rate of 10/- a

dozen and sold them after 12 and he gave me 4½ hour-glasses and 6d in moneys when I paid him.

6 (*Friday*). John Chadocke came from Leigh to cast up shop, and afraid I was lest I should not answer my master's expectation. At after we had cast up shop we went to Heath a-shooting, came to town again, and supped at young John Jenkins', and was there all night. I slept little, expecting to go to Leigh the other morning, which I did betimes in the morning, John and I together. When we came to Leigh I was engaged to my master £200 and upwards, and it pleased God to bless my endeavours that I had profited my master £21 : 1 : 5. I was glad ; then I boldly spake my grievances, and my master told me he had bought me a steake and would give me . . . of it. I had measure taken of me for a new doublet and was to have a new hat and a new pair stockings, and my master told me he intended shop for me and at Michaelmas next I was to go with him to Chester fair. And thus the Lord favoured me and turned my fears into joys. Praise the Lord, O my soul !

8 (*Lord's day*). This evening Richard Bordman was very ill. I made his will this night.

9 (*Monday*). I went with Richard Weinwright to Nicholas Bursco's marl pit ; gave marlers ¼ tobacco.

10 (*Tuesday*). I went to Bainforlonge to Ann Grejnsworth, but stayed not.

11 (*Wednesday*). I went down to Roger Naylor's. He was from home and I spoke roughly to Mary and she seemed to be very affectionate, but I little mattered it. I called her a false dissembling hearted person. She took it heinously.

12 (*Thursday*). Lawrance Pendlebury was married this day, and he entreated my company. I desired excuse, but this evening I went and spent 6d with them, and parted.

14 (*Saturday*). I went to my brother's into Windle and upon the

15th day, being Lord's day, Tho. Smith came to me and we went two and two together to Cowley Hill to hear Mr Gregg preach at one Mrs Harper's, in the



parlour. There he preached out 3 Malachi, 15, 16, 17, 18 verses. When sermon was done we came to my brother's.. I was not well, but departed from my brother's sick ; but the Lord supported me, that ere I got home I was pretty well.

17 (*Tuesday*). Ann Greinsworth sent for me to Bainforlonge. I writ a letter for her to her brother, then in London. She made much of me. I set down all her accounts at this time. I came away by Roger Naylor's and spoke my mind to Mary Naylor,<sup>1</sup> which was not accepted, though was very favourable to me ; and I set her light as she did me, and so I parted.

19 (*Thursday*). I went to Billinge Chappell to a race and James Darbishire saw me and invited me to go with him into Humphrey Cowley's to spend 2d, he being come from Bolton. So I went and in the spence of 2d Nicholas Houghton came to us as we were in buttery, and he began to give disdaining words out against the art of a grocer or mercer, and so particularized it as to me in so much as I was very angry, insomuch as Humphrey Cowley's wife was angry at me in a very furious manner, and I was sadly troubled. Yet the wife went out, and some company as she went out to commended me highly, insomuch as she came again and made a recantation for what she had said, and I was better satisfied.

20 (*Friday*). John Jenkinson and Joshua Naylor and I went together to take a throstle nest, and by chance we met with a pye-annot nest. We took it ; every one had one pye, and one we gave to Tho. Winstanley and so came home. Old Jenkins this day came and paid me for making his will and other things. He paid me 11/9, took me to ale house and spent his 6d on me. This night John Jenkins, constable, and I went together to lay night hooks, but

21. Going, there was nothing found.

1665, March 2 (*Thursday*). Henry Houghton came

<sup>1</sup> His sweetheart at this time.

to me to have make a lease for him of his house, between Mr Byrome de Byrome and him.

3 (*Friday*). I went to his house to buy a heifer in calf, and I bought her for 39/-, and he was to keep her a month.

14 (*Tuesday*). Henry Houghton came to me and William Crouchley and had me to go with them to Parr Hall to seal lease to Mr Byrom. He sealed it and Mr Edward Byrom and his two brothers that were distrected went and brought us to an ale house where we sat drinking a good while. Then we passed for home and at Ashton I met with some Leigh people that engaged me to be with them, and I was with them.

24 (*Friday*). My master came to town, and he had told me that he had heard many things of me and wished me for my good to be cautious. He spoke very lovingly to me, and I was afraid before he came, lest he would have been angry.

## ADAM EYRE

b. 1614

EYRE, a Yorkshire gentleman, after fighting in the civil wars, retired to look after his properties. His diary, which covers the years 1647-1649, records in great detail his daily doings and expenses, all his bargains with tenants and neighbours, etc. It throws some light on the value of money in his time, and now and then a flash illuminates a domestic scene.

*1647, Oct. 6.* This day I rested at home all day, by reason of the foulness of the weather.

7. This day Jo Milnes brought me home my books from Sheffield for which he had 2s. 6d. and for other things which he bought 6s. 6d. which in all came to 9s. so that I received of him 1s. again of what I had given him yesterday. After which I willed him speak to Ed. Mitchell upon the discourse I had with him the last day. I also turned my mare to grass this morn again. This day I paid Jo. Wainwright 6d. for his day's work, which was only mending.

8. This morn I put Scue to grass and towards noon Abram Sanderson came to furnish my study with shelves so that I stayed at home all day.

9. This day I stayed at home all day likewise, and in the afternoon I paid Abram 1s. for these two days work, after which I furnished the shelves with books, and called upon God, my merciful Father, to be my assistance, and to guide me with His Spirit ; and began to read part of the preface to Sir Walter Rawleigh's History of the World. This night I whipped Jane<sup>1</sup> for her foolishness, as yesterday I had done for her slothfulness ; and hence I am induced to bewail my sinful life, for my failings in the presence of God Almighty are unquestionless greater than hers are to me ; where-

<sup>1</sup> The maidservant.

fore unless Thou, my most merciful God, be merciful unto me, what shall become of me? Yet, O my God, in mercy I beseech Thee to chasten me here, and do not cast me out of Thy protection, but grant me the assistance of Thy Spirit, to guide me, so shall I unfainedly serve Thee; and this I beg only for my Saviour Jesus Christ His sake, to whom with Thee and the Holy Spirit, I commend myself and soul. Amen.

*10 (Sunday).* This day I rested at home all day, and had various thoughts by reason of the variety of men's opinions I find in reading; but still I hope God will be my guide; and, in the afternoon, I walked into the fields with my wife.

*-11.* This morn Ann Bray came to will me to speak to Capt. Rich, and to go to Peniston to a meeting about the poor, and, he coming on hunting, I met him and went with him till noon, but found not a hare, albeit we went up over at the Wayres to the Redyshaw knoll, by Swinden, and below Langsett before we came home; after which I rested in the house all the afternoon.

## JOHN EVELYN

1620-1706

BORN at Wotton near Dorking, a younger son of a Surrey gentleman, Evelyn lived through stirring times. His day saw the civil war, the execution of Charles I, Cromwell's protectorate, the Restoration, the Dutch wars, the Great Plague and the Great Fire in London, the reaction against Puritanism, the subjection to the influence of France, the failure of James II, the reception of the Huguenot refugees, the Revolution which put William and Mary on the throne. In the civil war his sympathies were with the royalists, but he was no hero. Or perhaps he saw from the first how hopeless the cause was. In 1642 he joined the King's army, only to leave it after three days lest he and his brothers should be "exposed to ruin without any advantage to his majesty." Thereafter he avoided danger by absence on the continent. In 1652, returning with his English wife whom he had married in Paris, he made his home for over forty years at Sayes Court, Deptford. After the Restoration he was a loyal supporter of the crown though often vexed by the King's private conduct. He was much at court and held many public offices. During the wars he was Commissioner for the care of the Sick, Wounded and Prisoners landed at the Channel ports, a service in which he toiled unwearyingly, much hampered by the meagre provision of funds. He was a prolific author, but it is solely on his diary that his fame rests. This he kept with great regularity. In its pages we see reflected the great events and personages of the times. Many a sidelight on history is afforded us. But above all there stands out in his self-revealing pages the portrait of an ever-busy, intelligent, upright and Godfearing man. Evelyn was interested in everything that went on about him. Domestic architecture and landscape gardening were a hobby with him. He gives us many descriptions of the stately homes of England as he knew them. He would go out of his way to see any scientific experiment or new invention, the making of coke, a stocking loom, a diving bell, a double-bottomed ship, a "way-wiser"—precursor of the modern speedometer. He records seeing strange plants and animals, the mimosa and the pineapple, a tame lion, an Indian cat, a rattlesnake and

monkeys. Anything out of the way attracted his attention, a hairy woman or a strong man at a fair, a woman innkeeper nearly seven feet tall, mysterious marks on a girl's arm, Pepys' famous stone. From his diary the careful reader may gain, if he will, a wonderfully clear and comprehensive view of what life was like in England in the latter half of the XVII century. On the death of his elder brother in 1699 he succeeded to the family estate at Wotton, where he spent the evening of his days vigorous in intellect and diligent to the end.

*1652, March 9.* I went to Deptford, where I made preparation for my settlement, no more intending to go out of England, but endeavour a settled life, either in this or some other place, there being now so little appearance of any change for the better, all being entirely in the Rebels' hands, and this particular habitation and the estate contiguous to it (belonging to my father-in-law actually in his Majesty's service), very much suffering for want of some friend to rescue it out of the power of the usurpers; so as to preserve our interest, and take some care of our other concerns, by the advice and endeavour of my friends I was advised to reside in it, and compound with the soldiers. This I was besides authorized by his Majesty to do, and encouraged with a promise that what was in lease from the Crown, if ever it pleased God to restore him, he would secure to us in fee-ferme. I had also addresses and ciphers to correspond with his Majesty and Ministers abroad: upon all which inducements I was persuaded to settle, henceforth in England, having now run about the world, most part out of my own country, near 10 years. I therefore now likewise meditated sending over for my wife, whom as yet I had left at Paris.

*14.* I went to Leusham, where I heard an honest sermon on 2 Corinth. 5, 7, being the first Sunday I had been at church since my return, it being now a rare thing to find a priest of the Church of England in a parish pulpit, most of which were filled with Independents and Fanatics.

*15.* I saw the Diamond and Ruby launched in the

Dock at Deptford, carrying 48 brass cannon each. Cromwell and his Grandees present with great acclamations.

18. That worthy divine Mr. Owen of Eltham, a sequestered person, came to visit me.

19. Invited by Lady Gerrard I went to London, where we had a great supper; all the vessels, which were innumerable, were of porcelain, she having the most ample and richest collection of that curiosity in England.

22. I went with my brother Evelyn to Wotton to give him what directions I was able about his garden, which he was now desirous to put into some form; but for which he was to remove a mountain overgrown with huge trees and thicket, with a moat within 10 yards of the house. This my brother immediately attempted, and that without great cost, for more than a hundred yards South, by digging down the mountain and flinging it into a rapid stream, it not only carried away the sand, &c. but filled up the moat, and levelled that noble area, where now the garden and fountain is. The first occasion of my brother making this alteration was my building the little retiring place between the great wood Eastward next the meadow, where some time after my father's death I made a triangular pond, or little stew, with an artificial rock after my coming out of Flanders.

29. I heard that excellent Prelate the Primate of Ireland (Jacob Usher) preach in Lincoln's Inn, on 4 Hebrews, v. 16, encouraging of penitent sinners.

*April 5.* My brother Geo. brought to Says Court Cromwell's Act of Oblivion to all that would submit to the Government.

13. News was brought me that Lady Cotton, my brother George's wife, was delivered of a son.

I was moved by a letter out of France to publish the letter which sometime since I sent to Dean Cosin's proselyted son; but I did not conceive it convenient, for fear of displeasing her Majesty the Queen.

15. I wrote to the Dean touching my buying his library, which was one of the choicest collections of any private person in England.

The Count de Strade most generously and handsomely sent me the picture of my wife from Dunkirk in a large tin case, without any charge. It is of Mr. Bourdon, and is that which has the dog in it, and is to the knees, but unfortunately it has been something spoiled by washing it ignorantly with soap-suds.

25. I went to visit Ald. Kenrick, a Fanatic Lord Mayor, who had married a relation of ours, where I met with a Captain who had been thirteen times to the East Indies.

29. Was that celebrated eclipse of the sun so much threatened by the astrologers, and which had so exceedingly alarmed the whole nation that hardly anyone would work, nor stir out of their houses. So ridiculously were they abused by knavish and ignorant star-gazers.

We went this afternoon to see the Queen's House at Greenwich, now given by the rebels to Bulstrode Whitlock, one of their unhappy counsellors, and keeper of pretended liberties.

*May 10.* Passing by Smithfield I saw a miserable creature burning who had murdered her husband. I went to see some workmanship of that admirable artist Reeves, famous for perspective and the turning of curiosities in ivory.

29. I went to take order about a coach to be made against my wife's coming, being my first coach, the pattern whereof I had brought out of Parish.

30. I went to obtain of my Lord of Devonshire that my nephew George might be brought up with my young Lord his son, to whom I was recommending Mr. Wase. I also inspected the manner of chambletting silk and programs at one Monsieur La Dorees in Morefields, and thence to Col. Morley, one of their Council of State, as then called, who had been my schoolfellow, to request a pass for my wife's safe landing, and the goods she was to bring with her out of France, which he courteously granted, and did me many other kindnesses, that was a great matter in those days.

30. In the afternoon at Charlton Church, where I



heard a Rabbinical sermon. Here is a fair monument in black marble of Sir Adam Newton, who built that fair house near it for Prince Henry, and where my noble friend Sir Henry Newton succeeded him.

*June 3.* I received a letter from Colonel Morley to the Magistrates and Searchers at Rye, to assist my wife at her landing and to shew her all civility.

4. I set out to meet her now on her journey from Paris, after she had obtained leave to come out of that city, which had now been besieged some time by the Prince of Condé's army in the time of the rebellion, and after she had been now twelve years from her own country, that is since five years of age, at which time she went over. I went to Rye to meet her, where was an embargo on occasion of the late conflict with the Holland fleet, the two nations being now in war, and which made sailing very unsafe.

On Whitsunday I went to the church (which is a very fair one), and heard one of their Canters, who dismissed the assembly rudely and without any blessing. Here I stayed till the 10th with no small impatience, when I walked over to survey the ruins of Winchelsea, that ancient Cinq-port, which by the remains and ruins of ancient streets and public structures discovers it to have been formerly a considerable and large city. There are to be seen vast caves and vaults, walls and towers, ruins of monasteries and of a sumptuous church, in which are some handsome monuments, especially of the Templars, buried just in the manner of those in the Temple at London. This place being now all in rubbish, and a few despicable hovels and cottages only standing, hath yet a Mayor. The sea which formerly rendered it a rich and commodious port has now forsaken it.

11. About 4 in the afternoon being at bowls on the Green, we discovered a vessel, which proved to be that in which my wife was, and which got into the harbour about 8 that evening to my no small joy. They had been three days at sea, and escaped the Dutch fleet, through which they passed, taken for fishers, which was

great good fortune, there being 17 bailes of furniture and other rich plunder, which I bless God came all safe to land, together with my wife, and my Lady Browne her mother, who accompanied her. My wife being discomposed by having been so long at sea, we set not forth towards home till the 14th, when hearing the smallpox was very rife in and about London, and Lady Browne having a desire to drink Tunbridge waters, I carried them thither and stayed in a very sweet place, private and refreshing, and took the waters myself to the 23d, when I went to prepare for their reception, leaving them for the present in their little cottage by the Wells. The weather being hot, and having sent my man on before, I rode negligently under favour of the shade, till within three miles of Bromley, at a place called the Procession Oak, two cut-throats started out, and striking with long staves at the horse and taking hold of the reins threw me down, took my sword, and haled me into a deep thicket some quarter of a mile from the highway, where they might securely rob me, as they soon did. What they got of money was not considerable, but they took two rings, the one an emerald with diamonds, the other an onyx, and a pair of buckles set with rubies and diamonds, which were of value, and after all bound my hands behind me, and my feet, having before pulled off my boots ; they then set me up against an oak, with most bloody threats to cut my throat if I offered to cry out or make any noise, for they should be within hearing, I not being the person they looked for. I told them if they had not basely surprised me they should not have had so easy a prize, and that it would teach me never to ride near a hedge, since had I been in the mid-way they durst not have adventured on me ; at which they cocked their pistols, and told me they had long guns too, and were 14 companions. I begged for my onyx, and told them it being engraven with my arms would betray them, but nothing prevailed. My horse's bridle they slipt, and searched the saddle, which they pulled off, but let the horse graze, and then turning again bridled him and

tied him to a tree, yet so as he might graze, and thus left me bound. My horse was perhaps not taken because he was marked and cropped on both ears, and well known on that road. Left in this manner grievously was I tormented with flies, ants, and the sun, nor was my anxiety little how I should get loose in that solitary place, where I could neither hear or see any creature but my poor horse and a few sheep straggling in the copse. After near 2 hours attempting I got my hands to turn palm to palm, having been tied back to back, and then it was long before I could slip the cord over my wrists to my thumb, which at last I did, and then soon unbound my feet, and saddling my horse and roaming awhile about I at last perceived dust to rise, and soon after heard the rattling of a cart, towards which I made, and by the help of two countrymen I got back into the highway. I rode to Col. Blount's, a great justiciary of the times, who sent out hue and cry immediately. The next morning, sore as my wrists and arms were, I went to London and got 500 tickets printed and dispersed by an officer of Goldsmiths Hall, and within two days had tidings of all I had lost except my sword which had a silver hilt and some trifles. The rogues had pawned one of my rings for a trifle to a goldsmith's servant before the tickets had come to the shop, by which means they escaped; the other ring was bought by a victualler, who brought it to a goldsmith, but he having seen the ticket seized the man. I afterwards discharged him on his protestation of innocence. Thus did God deliver me from these villains, and not only so, but restored what they took, as twice before he had graciously done, both at sea and land; I mean when I had been robbed by pirates, and was in danger of a considerable loss at Amsterdam; for which, and many, many signal preservations, I am extremely obliged to give thanks to God my Saviour.

25. After drought of near 4 months there fell so violent a tempest of hail, rain, wind, thunder, and lightning, as no man had seen the like in this age; the hail being in

some places four or five inches about, brake all glass about London, especially at Deptford, and more at Greenwich.

29. I returned to Tunbridge, and again drank the water, till 10 July.

*1665, July 7.* To London, to Sir William Coventrie ; and so to Sion, where his Majesty sat at Council during the contagion ; when business was over, I viewed that seat belonging to the Earl of Northumberland, built out of an old Nunnery, of stone, and fair enough, but more celebrated for the garden than it deserves ; yet there is excellent wall-fruit, and a pretty fountain ; nothing else extraordinary.

9. I went to Hampton Court, where now the whole Court was, to solicit for money ; to carry intercepted letters ; confer again with Sir Wm. Coventrie, the Duke's secretary ; and so home, having dined with Mr. Secretary Morice.

16. There died of the plague in London this week 1100, and in the week following above 2000. Two houses were shut up in our parish.

*Aug. 2.* A solemn fast through England to deprecate God's displeasure against the land by pestilence and war ; our Dr. preaching on 26 Levit : 41, 42. that the means to obtain remission of punishment was not to repine at it, but humbly submit to it.

3. Came his Grace the Duke of Albemarle, L. General of all his Majesty's Forces, to visit me, and carried me to dine with him.

4. I went to Wotton to carry my son and his tutor Mr. Bohun, Fellow of New Coll. (recommended to me by Dr. Wilkins and the Pres. of New Coll. Oxford), for fear of the pestilence, still increasing in London and its environs. On my return I called at Durdans, where I found Dr. Wilkins, Sir Wm. Petty, and Mr. Hooke, contriving chariots, new rigging for ships, a wheel for one to run races in, and other mechanical inventions ; perhaps three such persons together were not to be found elsewhere in Europe, for parts and ingenuity.

8. I waited on the D. of Albemarle, who was resolved to stay at the Cock-pit in St. James's Park. Died this week in London 4000.

15. There perished this week 5000.

28. The contagion still increasing and growing now all about us, I sent my wife and whole family (two or three necessary servants excepted) to my brother's at Wotton, being resolved to stay at my house myself and to look after my charge, trusting in the providence and goodness of God.

*Sept. 5.* To Chatham to inspect my charge, with £900. in my coach.

7. Came home, there perishing near 10,000 poor creatures weekly ; however I went all along the City and suburbs from Kent Street to St. James's, a dismal passage, and dangerous to see so many coffins exposed in the streets, now thin of people ; the shops shut up, and all in mournful silence, as not knowing whose turn might be next. I went to the Duke of Albemarle for a pest-ship, to wait on our infected men, who were not a few.

14. I went to Wotton ; and on 16 Sept. to visit old Secretary Nicholas, being now at his new purchase of West Horsley, once mortgaged to me by Lord Visct. Montagu : a pretty dry seat on the Down, Returned to Wotton.

17. Received a letter from Lord Sandwich of a defeat given to the Dutch, I was forced to travel all Sunday. I was exceedingly perplexed to find that near 3000 prisoners were sent to me to dispose of, being more than I had places fit to receive and guard.

25. My Lord Admiral being come from the Fleet to Greenwich, I went thence with him to the Cock-pit to consult with the Duke of Albemarle. I was peremptory that unless we had £10,000 immediately, the prisoners would starve, and 'twas proposed it should be raised out of the E. India prizes now taken by Lord Sandwich. They being but two of the Commission, and so not empowered to determine, sent an express to his Majesty

and Council to know what they should do. In the meantime I had 5 vessels with competent guards to keep the prisoners in for the present, to be placed as I should think best. After dinner (which was at the Generals) I went over to visit his Grace the A. Bishop of Canterbury at Lambeth.

28. To the General again, to acquaint him of the deplorable state of our men for want of provisions ; returned with orders.

29. To Erith to quicken the sale of the prizes lying there, with order to the Commissioner who lay on board till they should be disposed of, £5000 being proportioned for my quarter. Then I delivered the Dutch Vice-Admiral, who was my prisoner, to Mr. Lowman, of the Marshalsea, he giving me bond in £500 to produce him at my call. I exceedingly pitied this brave unhappy person, who had lost with these prizes £40,000 after 20 years negotiation (trading) in the East Indies. I dined in one of these vessels, of 1200 tons, full of riches.

*October 1.* This afternoon, whilst at evening prayers, tidings were brought me of the birth of a daughter at Wotton, after six sons, in the same chamber I had first took breath in, and at the first day of that month, as I was on the last, 45 years before.

4. The monthly fast.

11. To London, and went through the whole City, having occasion to alight out of the coach in several places about business of money, when I was environed with multitudes of poor pestiferous creatures begging alms ; the shops universally shut up, a dreadful prospect ! I dined with my Lord General ; was to receive £10,000 and had guards to convey both myself and it, and so returned home, through God's infinite mercy.

17. I went to Gravesend, next day to Chatham, thence to Maidstone, in order to the march of 500 prisoners to Leeds Castle, which I had hired of Lord Culpeper. I was earnestly desired by the learned Sir Roger Twisden and Deputy Lieutenants to spare Maidstone from quartering any of my sick flock. Here Sir

Edw. Brett sent me some horse to bring up the rear. This country from Rochester to Maidstone by the Medway and the Downs is very agreeable for the prospect.

21. I came from Gravesend, where Sir Jo. Griffith, the Governor of the Fort, entertained me very handsomely.

31. I was this day 45 years of age, wonderfully preserved, for which I blessed God for his infinite goodness towards me.

*November 23.* Went home, the contagion having now decreased considerably.

*1688, Nov. 1.* Dined with Lord Preston with other company at Sir Stephen Fox's. Continual alarms of the Prince of Orange, but no certainty. Reports of his great losses of horse in the storm, but without any assurance. A man was taken with divers papers and printed manifestos, and carried to Newgate after examination at the Cabinet Council. There was likewise a Declaration of the States for satisfaction of all Public Ministers at the Hague, except to the English and the French. There was in that of the Prince's an expression as if the Lords both Spiritual and Temporal had invited him over, with a deduction of the causes of his enterprise. This made his Majesty convene my Lord of Canterbury and the other Bishops now in town, to give an account of what was in the Manifesto, and to enjoin them to clear themselves by some public writing of this disloyal charge.

2. It was now certainly reported by some who saw the fleet, and the Prince embark, that they sailed from the Brill on Wednesday morning, and that the Princess of Orange was there to take leave of her husband.

4. Fresh reports of the Prince being landed somewhere about Portsmouth or the Isle of Wight, whereas it was thought it would have been Northward. The Court in great hurry.

5. I went to London ; heard the news of the Prince having landed at Torbay, coming with a fleet of near

700 sail, passing through the Channel with so favourable a wind that our navy could not intercept or molest them. This put the King and Court into great consternation ; they were now employed in forming an army to stop their further progress, for they were got into Exeter, and the season and ways very improper for his Majesty's forces to march so great a distance.

The Abp. of Canterbury and some few of the other Bishops and Lords in London were sent for to Whitehall, and required to set forth their abhorrence of this invasion. They assured his Majesty they had never invited any of the Prince's party, or were in the least privy to it, and would be ready to show all testimony of their loyalty ; but as to a public Declaration being so few, they desired that his Majesty would call the rest of their brethren and Peers that they might consult what was fit to be done on this occasion, not thinking it right to publish anything without them, and till they had themselves seen the Prince's Manifesto, in which it was pretended he was invited in by the Lords Spiritual and Temporal. This did not please the King ; and so they departed.

A Declaration was published prohibiting all persons to see or read the Prince's Manifesto, in which was set forth at large the cause of his expedition, as there had been one before from the States.

These are the beginnings of sorrow, unless God in His mercy prevent it by some happy reconciliation of all dissensions among us. This, in all likelihood, nothing can effect except a free Parliament ; but this we cannot hope to see whilst there are any forces on either side. I pray God to protect and direct the King for the best and truest interest of his People !—I saw his Majesty touch for the evil, Piten the Jesuit, and Warner officiating.

14. The Prince increases every day in force. Several Lords go in to him. Lord Cornburry carries some regiments, marches to Honiton, the Prince's headquarters. The City of London in disorder ; the rabble pulled down the Nunnery newly bought by the Papists



of Lord Berkeley at St. John's. The Queen prepares to go to Portsmouth for safety, to attend the issue of this national commotion, which has a dreadful aspect.

18. It was now very hard frost. The King goes to Salisbury to rendezvous the army, and returns to London. Lord Delamere appears for the Prince in Cheshire. The Nobility meet in Yorkshire. The Archbishop of Canterbury and some Bishops, and such Peers as were in London, address his Majesty to call a Parliament. The King invites all foreign nations to come over. The French take all the Palatinate, and alarm the Germans more than ever.

29. I went to the Royal Society. We adjourned the election of a President to 23 April by reason of the public commotions, yet dined together as of custom this day.

*Dec. 2.* Dr. Tenison preached at St. Martin's on 36 Psalm 5, 6, 7, concerning Providence. I received the blessed Sacrament. Afterwards visited my Lord Godolphin, then going with the Marquess of Halifax and Earl of Nottingham as Commissioners to the Prince of Orange; he told me they had little power. Plymouth declared for the Prince. Bath, York, Hull, Bristol, and all the eminent nobility and persons of quality through England, declare for the Protestant religion and laws, and go to meet the Prince, who every day sets forth new declarations against the Papists. The great favourites at Court, Priests and Jesuits, fly or abscond. Everything, till now concealed, flies abroad in public print, and is cried about the streets. Expectation of the Prince coming to Oxford. The Prince of Wales and great treasure sent privily to Portsmouth, the Earl of Dover being Governor. Address from the Fleet not grateful to his Majesty. The Papists in offices lay down their commissions, and fly. Universal consternation amongst them; it looks like a Revolution.

7. My son went towards Oxford. I returned home.

9. Lord Sunderland meditates flight. The rabble demolished all Popish Chapels, and several Papist Lords

and gentlemen's houses, especially that of the Spanish Ambassador, which they pillaged, and burnt his Library.

13. The King flies to sea, puts in at Faversham for ballast ; is rudely treated by the people ; comes back to Whitehall.

The Pr. of Orange is advanced to Windsor, is invited by the King to St. James's, the messenger sent was the Earl of Faversham, the General of the Forces, who going without trumpet or passport is detained prisoner by the Prince, who accepts the invitation, but requires his Majesty to retire to some distant place, that his own guards may be quartered about the Palace and City. This is taken heinously, and the King goes privately to Rochester ; is persuaded to come back ; comes on the Sunday ; goes to mass, and dines in public, a Jesuit saying grace. (I was present.)

17. That night was a Council ; his Majesty refuses to assent to all the proposals ; goes away again to Rochester.

18. I saw the King take barge to Gravesend at 12 o'clock—a sad sight ! The Prince comes to St. James's, and fills Whitehall with Dutch guards. A council of Peers meet about an expedient to call a Parliament ; adjourn to the House of Lords. The Chancellor, Earl of Peterborough, and divers others taken. The Earl of Sunderland flies ; Sir Edward Hales, Walker and others, taken and secured.

All the world go to see the Prince at St. James's, where there is a great Court. There I saw him, and several of my acquaintance who came over with him. He is very stately, serious and reserved. The English soldiers sent out of town to disband them ; not well pleased.

24. The King passes into France, whither the Queen and Child were gone a few days before.

26. The Peers and such Commoners as were Members of the Parliament at Oxford, being the last of Charles II meeting, desire the Pr. of Orange to take on him the disposal of the public revenue till a Convention

of Lords and Commons should meet in full body, appointed by his circular letters to the Shires and Boroughs, 22 Jan.—I had now quartered upon me a Lieutenant Col. and 8 horses.

30. This day Prayers for the Prince of Wales were first left off in our Church.

1703, May 26. This day died Mr. Sam. Pepys, a very worthy, industrious, and curious person, none in England exceeding him in knowledge of the Navy, in which he had passed through all the most considerable offices, Clerk of the Acts and Secretary of the Admiralty, all which he performed with great integrity. When K. James II went out of England, he laid down his office, and would serve no more, but withdrawing himself from all public affairs, he lived at Clapham with his partner Mr. Hewer, formerly his clerk, in a very noble house and sweet place, where he enjoyed the fruit of his labours in great prosperity. He was universally beloved, hospitable, generous, learned in many things, skilled in music, a very great cherisher of learned men of whom he had the conversation. His library and collection of other curiosities were of the most considerable, the models of ships especially. Besides what he published of an Account of the Navy, as he found and left it, he had for divers years under his hand the History of the Navy, or *Navalia* as he called it; but how far advanced, and what will follow of his, is left, I suppose, to his sister's son Mr. Jackson, a young gentleman whom Mr. Pepys had educated in all sorts of useful learning, sending to travel abroad, from whence he returned with extraordinary accomplishments, and worthy to be heir. Mr. Pepys had been for near 40 years so much my particular friend that Mr. Jackson sent me *complete mourning*, desiring me to be one to hold up the pall at his magnificent obsequies, but my indisposition hindered me from doing him this last office.

## SAMUEL PEPYS

1633-1703

PEPYS was the son of a London tailor. But he was also cousin to the Earl of Sandwich by whose influence he obtained a post in the Navy Office. He became "Clerk of the Acts" and subsequently Clerk to the Admiralty. In those offices he proved himself a great civil servant, able, industrious and effective. England owed much to his wise administration. All the same he had many other interests. He enjoyed life. He was a "good fellow" in company. He relished good food, good wine, a good jest and a good song : nor did he always keep within the bounds of propriety. He was devoted to music and the play. And he was not wanting in personal courage. A brief note can do no more than suggest how fascinating his diary is. He kept it day by day, in shorthand and cipher, from 1660 to 1669, only giving it up when his eyes began to trouble him. Not only does it throw a flood of light on the history of those years : it also unfolds for us a self-portrait of amazing frankness. His style is informal, intimate, chatty. He talks about anything and everything that interests him ; from interviews with the king and ministers of state to an evening spent in very "loose company" ; from the royal peccadilloes to his own ; from his triumphant defence of the Navy at the bar of the House of Commons to his quarrels with his wife and their reconciliations ; from the building and victualling of ships to the cut of his own clothes and teaching the servant girl to sing ; from the plague and the fire to the plays and music he loved. Our extracts can afford but a taste of his quality.

*1665, October 26.* Sir Christopher Mings and I together by water to the Tower ; and I find him a very witty well-spoken fellow, and mighty free to tell his parentage, being a shoemaker's son. I to the 'Change, where I hear how the French have taken two and sunk one of our merchantmen in the Straits, and carried the ships to Toulon ; so that there is no expectation but

we must fall out with them. The 'Change pretty full, and the town begins to be lively again, though the streets very empty, and most shops shut.

27. To the Duke of Albemarle's, and there much company, but I stayed and dined, and he makes mighty much of me ; and here he tells us the Dutch are gone, and have lost above 160 cables and anchors, through the late foul weather. He proposed to me from Mr. Coventry that I should be Surveyor-General of the Victualling business, which I accepted. But, indeed, the terms in which Mr. Coventry proposes it for me are the most obliging that ever I could expect from any man, and more ; he saying that I am the fittest man in England, and that he is sure, if I will undertake, I will perform it ; and that it will be also a very desirable thing that I might have this encouragement, my encouragement in the Navy alone being in no wise proportionable to my pains or deserts. This, added to the letter I had three days since from Mr. Southerne, signifying that the Duke of York had in his master's absence opened my letters, and commanded him to tell me that he did approve of my being the Surveyor-General, do make me joyful beyond myself that I cannot express it, to see that as I do take pains so God blesses me, and hath sent me masters that do observe that I take pains.

28. Sir W. Clerke tells me the Parliament hath given the Duke of York £120,000 to be paid him after £1,250,000 is gathered upon the tax which they have now given the King ; also that the Dutch have lately launched sixteen new ships ; all which is great news. The King and Court, they say, have now finally resolved to spend nothing upon clothes, but what is of the growth of England ; which, if observed, will be very pleasing to the people, and very good for them.

29 (*Lord's day*). In the street, at Woolwich, did overtake and almost run upon two women crying and carrying a man's coffin between them ; I suppose the husband of one of them, which, methinks, is a sad thing.

31. Meeting yesterday the Searchers, with their rods

in their hands, coming from Captain Cocke's house, I did overhear them say that his black did not die of the plague. About nine at night I come home, and there find Mrs. Pierce come, and little Frank Tooker, and Mr. Hill, and other people, a great many dancing ; and anon comes Mrs. Coleman and her husband, and she sang very finely, though her voice is decayed as to strength, but mighty sweet though soft, and a pleasant jolly woman, and in mighty good humour. Among other things, Laneare did, at the request of Mr. Hill, bring two or three the finest prints for my wife to see that ever I did see in all my life. But, for singing, among other things, we got Mrs. Coleman to sing part of the Opera, though she would not own she did get any of it without book in order to the stage ; but, above all, her counterfeiting of Captain Cooke's part, in his reproaching his man with cowardice, " Base slave," etc., she do it most excellently. Thus we end the month merrily ; and the more that, after some fears that the plague would have increased again this week, I hear for certain that there is above 400 less ; the whole number of deaths being 1388, and of them of the plague 1031. Want of money in the Navy puts everything out of order. Men grow mutinous ; and nobody here to mind the business of the Navy but myself. I in great hopes of my place of Surveyor-General of the Victualling, which will bring me £300 per annum,

*November 1.* Lay very long in bed, discoursing with Mr. Hill of most things of a man's life, and how little merit do prevail in the world, but only favour ; and that, for myself, chance without merit brought me in ; and that diligence only keeps me so, and will, living as I do among so many lazy people that the diligent man becomes necessary, that they cannot do anything without him. My Lord Brouncker with us to Mrs. Williams's lodgings, and Sir W. Batten, Sir Edmund Pooley, and others ; and there, it being my Lord's birthday, had every one a green ribbon tied in our hats very foolishly ; and, methinks, mighty disgracefully for my

Lord to have his folly so open to all the world with this woman.

4. I hear that one of the little boys at my lodging is not well ; and they suspect, by their sending for plaster and fume, that it may be the plague ; so I send Mr. Hater and W. Hewer to speak with the mother ; but they returned to me, satisfied that there is no hurt nor danger, but the boy is well, and offers to be searched. After dinner to the office, and much troubled to have 100 seamen all the afternoon there, swearing below, and cursing us, and breaking the glass windows, and swear they will pull the house down on Tuesday next.' I sent word of this to Court, but nothing will help it but money and a rope.

5 (*Lord's Day*). To the Cockpit, where I heard the Duke of Albemarle's chaplain make a simple sermon ; among other things, reproaching the imperfection of human learning, he cried, " All our physicians cannot tell what an ague is, and all our arithmetic is not able to number the days of a man " ; which, God knows, is not the fault of arithmetic, but that our understandings reach not the thing. I hear the plague increases much at Lambeth, St. Martin's, and Westminster, and fear it will all over the city. By water to Deptford, and there made a visit to Mr. Evelyn, who, among other things, showed me most excellent painting in little, in distemper, in Indian ink, water-colours ; graving ; and, above all, the whole secret of mezzotinto, and the manner of it, which is very pretty, and good things done with it. He read to me very much also of his discourse, he hath been many years and now is about, about Gardenage, which will be a most noble and pleasant piece. He read me part of a play or two of his making, very good, but not as he conceits them, I think, to be. He showed me his *Hortus Hiemalis* ; leaves laid up in a book of several plants kept dry, which preserve colour, however, and look very finely, better than an herbal. In fine, a most excellent person he is, and must be allowed a little for a little conceitedness ; but he may well be so,

being a man so much above others. He read me, though with too much gusto, some little poems of his own, that were not transcendent, yet one or two very pretty epigrams ; among others, of a lady looking in at a grate, and being pecked at by an eagle that was there.

6. Sir G. Carteret and I did walk an hour in the garden before the house, talking of my Lord Sandwich's business ; what enemies he hath, and how they have endeavoured to bespatter him ; and particularly about his leaving of 30 ships of the enemy, when Pen would have gone, and my Lord called him back again ; which is most false. However, he says it was purposed by some hot-heads in the House of Commons, at the same time when they voted a present to the Duke of York, to have voted £10,000 to the Prince, and half-a-crown to my Lord of Sandwich, but nothing came of it. But, for all this, the King is most firm to my Lord, and so is my Lord Chancellor, and my Lord Arlington ; the Prince, in appearance, kind ; the Duke of York silent, says no hurt, but admits others to say it in his hearing. Sir W. Pen the falsest rascal that ever was in the world ; and that this afternoon the Duke of Albemarle did tell him that Pen was a very cowardly rogue, and one that hath brought all these roguish fanatic Captains into the fleet, and swears he should never go out with the fleet again ; that Sir W. Coventry is most kind to Pen still, and says nothing nor do anything openly to the prejudice of my Lord. He agrees with me that it is impossible for the King to set out a fleet again the next year ; and that he fears all will come to ruin, there being no money in prospect but these prizes, which will bring, it may be, £20,000, but that will signify nothing in the world for it.

7. To Sir G. Carteret, and I with him by water ; and, among other things, Lord ! to see how he wondered to see the river so empty of boats, nobody working at the Custom-house quays ; and how fearful he is and vexed that his man, holding a wine-glass in his hand for him to drink out of, did cover his hands, it being a cold, windy, rainy morning, under the water-man's coat,



though he brought the water-man from six or seven miles up the river, too. Nay, he carried this glass with him for his man to let him drink out of at the Duke of Albemarle's, where he intended to dine; though this he did to prevent sluttery; for the same reason, he carried a napkin with him to Captain Cocke's, making him believe that he should eat with foul linen.

8. It being a fast-day, all people were at church, and the office quiet; so I did much business, and at noon adventured to my old lodging. By water to Deptford, and, about eight o'clock at night, did take water, being glad I was out of the town; for the plague, it seems, rages there more than ever.

9. At noon, by water, to the King's Head at Deptford, where Captain Taylor invites Sir W. Batten and Sir John Robinson, who came in with a great deal of company from hunting, and brought in a hare alive, and a great many silly stories they tell of their sport, which pleases them mightily, and me not at all, such is the different sense of pleasure in mankind; and strange to see how a good dinner and feasting reconciles everybody. The Bill of Mortality, to all our griefs, is increased 399 this week, and the increase generally through the whole City and suburbs, which makes us all sad.

10. In the evening news is brought me my wife is come; so I to her; and she told me, having herself been this day at my house at London, which was boldly done, that a neighbour of our's, Mr. Hollworthy, a very able man, is dead by a fall in the country from his horse, his foot hanging in the stirrup, and his brains beat out.

12 (*Lord's day*). They hope here the plague will be less this week. Reading over part of Mr. Stillingfleet's *Origines Sacrae*, wherein many things are very good, and some frivolous.

1666, September 2 (*Lord's day*). Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City. So I

rose, and slipped on my night-gown, and went to her window ; and thought it to be on the backside of Mark Lane at the farthest ; but being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off ; and so went to bed again, and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was, and farther off. So to my closet to set things to rights, after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower ; and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me ; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge ; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it began this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding Lane, and that it hath burned down St. Magnus's Church and most part of Fish Street already. So I down to the waterside, and there got a boat, and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running farther, that in a very little time it got as far as the Steelyard, while I was there. Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river, or bringing them into lighters that lay off ; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs, by the waterside, to another. And, among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loath to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconies, till they burned their wings, and fell down. Having stayed, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way ; and nobody, to my sight,

endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire ; and having seen it get as far as the Steelyard, and the wind mighty high and driving it into the City ; and everything, after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of churches, and, among other things, the poor steeple by which pretty Mrs. — lives, and whereof my old schoolfellow Elborough is parson, taken fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down ; I to Whitehall, with a gentleman with me, who desired to go off from the Tower, to see the fire, in my boat ; and there up to the King's closet in the Chapel, where people came about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of York what I saw ; and that unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York bid me tell him that if he would have any more soldiers he shall ; and so did my Lord Arlington afterwards, as a great secret. Here meeting with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, and Creed with me to Paul's ; and there walked along Watling Street as well as I could, every creature coming away loaden with goods to save, and here and there sick people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning Street, like a man spent, with a handkercher about his neck. To the King's message he cried, like a fainting woman, " Lord ! what can I do ? I am spent : people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses ; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it." That he needed no more soldiers ; and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home, seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the

fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames Street ; and warehouses of oil, and wines, and brandy, and other things. Here I saw Mr. Isaac Houblon, the handsome man, prettily dressed and dirty, at his door at Dowgate, receiving some of his brother's things, whose houses were on fire ; and, as he says, have been removed twice already ; and he doubts, as it soon proved, that they must be in a little time removed from his house also, which was a sad consideration. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people who themselves should have been quietly there at this time. By this time it was about twelve o'clock ; and so home, and there find my guests, who were Mr. Wood and his wife Barbary Sheldon, and also Mr. Moone ; she mighty fine, and her husband, for aught I see, a likely man. But Mr. Moone's design and mine, which was to look over my closet, and please him with the sight thereof, which he hath long desired, was wholly disappointed ; for we were in great trouble and disturbance at this fire, not knowing what to think of it. However, we had an extraordinary good dinner, and as merry as at this time we could be. While at dinner, Mrs. Batelier came to enquire after Mr. Woolfe and Stanes, who, it seems, are related to them, whose houses in Fish Street are all burned, and they in a sad condition. She would not stay in the fright. Soon as dined, I and Moone away, and walked through the City, the streets full of nothing but people and horses and carts loaden with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another. They now removing out of Canning Street, which received goods in the morning, into Lombard Street, and farther ; and, among others, I now saw my little goldsmith, Stokes receiving some friend's goods, whose house itself was burned the day after. We parted at Paul's ; he home, and I to Paul's Wharf, where I had appointed a boat to attend me, and took in Mr. Carcassee and his brother, whom I met in the street, and carried them below and above bridge to

and again to see the fire, which was now got farther, both below and above, and no likelihood of stopping it. Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below bridge at the waterside ; but little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. Good hopes there was of stopping it at the Three Cranes above and at Buttulph's Wharf below bridge, if care be used ; but the wind carries it into the City, so as we know not by the waterside what it do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water ; and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of virginals in it. Having seen as much as I could now, I away to Whitehall by appointment, and there walked to St. James's Park ; and there met my wife, and Creed, and Wood and his wife, and walked to my boat ; and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still increasing, and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke ; and all over the Thames, with one's face in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true ; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little alehouse on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there stayed till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow ; and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Barbary and her husband away before us. We stayed till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long : it made me weep to see it. The churches,

houses, and all on fire, and flaming at once ; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruin. So home with a sad heart, and there find everybody discoursing and lamenting the fire ; and poor Tom Hater came with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which was burned upon Fish Street Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods, but was deceived in his lying there, the news coming every moment of the growth of the fire ; so as we were forced to begin to pack up our own goods, and prepare for their removal ; and did by moonshine, it being brave dry, and moonshine, and warm weather, carry much of my goods into the garden ; and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the safest place. And got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallies into a box by themselves. So great was our fear, as Sir W. Batten hath carts come out of the country to fetch away his goods this night. We did put Mr. Hater, poor man ! to bed a little ; but he got but very little rest, so much noise being in my house, taking down of goods.

3. About four o'clock in the morning, my Lady Batten sent me a cart to carry away all my money, and plate, and best things, to Sir W. Rider's, at Bednall Green. Which I did, riding myself in my night-gown, in the cart ; and, Lord ! to see how the streets and the highways are crowded with people running and riding, and getting of carts at any rate to fetch away things. I find Sir W. Rider tired with being called up all night, and receiving things from several friends. His house full of goods, and much of Sir W. Batten's and Sir W. Pen's. I am eased at my heart to have my treasure so well secured. Then home, and with much ado to find a way, nor any sleep all this night to me nor my poor wife. But then and all this day she and I and all my people labouring to get away the rest of our things, and did get Mr. Tooker to get me a lighter to take them in, and

we did carry them, myself some, over Tower Hill, which was by this time full of people's goods, bringing their goods thither ; and down to the lighter, which lay at the next quay, above the Tower Dock. And here was my neighbour's wife, Mrs. —, with her pretty child, and some few of her things, which I did willingly give way to be saved with mine ; but there was no passing with anything through the postern, the crowd was so great. The Duke of York came this day by the office, and spoke to us, and did ride with his guard up and down the City to keep all quiet, he being now general, and having the care of all. This day, Mercer being not at home, but against her mistress's order gone to her mother's, and my wife going thither to speak with W. Hewer, met her there, and was angry ; and her mother saying that she was not a 'prentice girl, to ask leave every time she goes abroad, my wife with good reason was angry, and when she came home, did bid her be gone again. And so she went away, which troubled me, but yet less than it would, because of the condition we are in, in fear of coming in a little time to being less able to keep one in her quality. At night lay down a little upon a quilt of W. Hewer's in the office, all my own things being packed up or gone ; and after me my poor wife did the like, we having fed upon the remains of yesterday's dinner, having no fire nor dishes, nor any opportunity of dressing anything.

4. Up by break of day, to get away the remainder of my things ; which I did by a lighter at the Iron gate ; and my hands so few, that it was the afternoon before we could get them all away, Sir W. Pen and I to the Tower Street, and there met the fire burning three or four doors beyond Mr. Howell's, whose goods, poor man, his trays, and dishes, shovels, etc., were flung all along Tower Street in the kennels, and people working therewith from one end to the other ; the fire coming on in that narrow street, on both sides, with infinite fury. Sir W. Batten, not knowing how to remove his wine, did dig a pit in the garden, and laid it in there ;

and I took the opportunity of laying all the papers of my office that I could not otherwise dispose of. And in the evening Sir W. Pen and I did dig another, and put our wine in it ; and I my parmesan cheese, as well as my wine and some other things. The Duke of York was at the office this day, at Sir W. Pen's ; but I happened not to be within. This afternoon, sitting melancholy with Sir W. Pen in our garden, and thinking of the certain burning of this office, without extraordinary means, I did propose for the sending up of all our workmen from the Woolwich and Deptford yards (none whereof yet appeared), and to write to Sir W. Coventry to have the Duke of York's permission to pull down houses rather than lose this office, which would much hinder the King's business. So Sir W. Pen went down this night, in order to the sending them up to-morrow morning ; and I wrote to Sir W. Coventry about the business, but received no answer. This night Mrs. Turner (who, poor woman, was removing her goods all this day, good goods, into the garden, and knows not how to dispose of them) and her husband supped with my wife and me at night, in the office, upon a shoulder of mutton from the cook's without any napkin or anything, in a sad manner, but were merry. Only now and then walking into the garden, and saw how horribly the sky looks, all on a fire in the night, was enough to put us out of our wits ; and, indeed, it was extremely dreadful, for it looks just as if it was at us, and the whole heaven on fire. I after supper walked in the dark down to Tower Street, and there saw it all on fire, at the Trinity House on that side, and the Dolphin Tavern on this side, which was very near us ; and the fire with extraordinary vehemence. Now begins the practice of blowing up of houses in Tower Street, those next the Tower, which at first did frighten people more than anything ; but it stopped the fire where it was done, it bringing down the houses to the ground in the same places they stood, and then it was easy to quench what little fire was in it, though it kindled nothing almost.



W. Hewer this day went to see how his mother did, and comes late home, telling us how he hath been forced to remove her to Islington, her house in Pye Corner being burned ; so that the fire is got so far that way, and all the Old Bailey, and was running down to Fleet Street ; and Paul's is burned, and all Cheapside. I wrote to my father this night, but the post-house being burned, the letter could not go.

5. I lay down in the office again upon W. Hewer's quilt, being mighty weary, and sore in my feet with going till I was hardly able to stand. About two in the morning my wife calls me up, and tells me of new cries of fire, it being come to Barking Church, which is the bottom of our lane. I up ; and finding it so, resolved presently to take her away, and did, and took my gold, which was about £2350, W. Hewer and Jane down by Proundy's boat to Woolwich ; but Lord ! what a sad sight it was by moonlight to see the whole City almost on fire, that you might see it as plain at Woolwich, as if you were by it. There, when I came, I find the gates shut, but no guard kept at all ; which troubled me, because of discourses now begun, that there is a plot in it, and that the French had done it. I got the gates open, and to Mr. Sheldon's, where I locked up my gold, and charged my wife and W. Hewer never to leave the room without one of them in it, night or day. So back again, by the way seeing my goods well in the lighters at Deptford, and watched well by people. Home, and whereas I expected to have seen our house on fire, it being now about seven o'clock, it was not. But to the fire, and there find greater hopes than I expected ; for my confidence of finding our office on fire was such, that I durst not ask anybody how it was with us, till I came and saw it was not burned. But, going to the fire, I find, by the blowing up of houses, and the great help given by the workmen out of the King's yards, sent up by Sir W. Pen, there is a good stop given to it, as well at Mark Lane end as ours ; it having only burned the dial of Barking Church, and part of the

porch, and was there quenched. I up to the top of Barking steeple, and there saw the saddest sight of desolation that I ever saw ; everywhere great fires, oil-cellars, and brimstone, and other things burning. I became afraid to stay there long, and therefore down again as fast as I could, the fire being spread as far as I could see ; and to Sir W. Pen's, and there ate a piece of cold meat, having eaten nothing since Sunday, but the remains of Sunday's dinner. Here I met with Mr. Young and Whistler ; and, having removed all my things, and received good hopes that the fire at our end is stopped, they and I walked into the town, and find Fenchurch Street, Gracious Street, and Lombard Street all in dust. The Exchange a sad sight, nothing standing there of all the statues or pillars, but Sir Thomas Gresham's picture in the corner. Into Moorfields (our feet ready to burn, walking through the town among the hot coals), and find that full of people, and poor wretches carrying their goods there, and everybody keeping his goods together by themselves ; and a great blessing it is to them that it is fair weather for them to keep abroad night and day ; drank there, and paid twopence for a plain penny loaf. Thence homeward, having passed through Cheapside and Newgate market, all burned, and seen Anthony Joyce's house on fire ; and took up, which I keep by me, a piece of glass of the Mercers' chapel in the street, where much more was, so melted and buckled with the heat of the fire like parchment. I also did see a poor cat taken out of a hole in a chimney, joining to the wall of the Exchange, with the hair all burned off the body, and yet alive. So home at night, and find there good hopes of saving our office ; but great endeavours of watching all night, and having men ready ; and so we lodged them in the office, and had drink and bread and cheese for them. And I lay down and slept a good night about midnight ; though, when I rose, I heard that there had been a great alarm of French and Dutch being risen, which proved nothing. But it is a strange thing to see how long this time did look since Sunday,

having been always full of variety of actions, and little sleep, that it looked like a week or more, and I had forgot almost the day of the week.

6. Up about five o'clock, and met Mr. Gauden at the gate of the office (I intending to go out, as I used, every now and then to-day, to see how the fire is) to call our men to Bishopsgate, where no fire had yet been near, and there is now one broke out ; which did give great grounds to people, and to me too, to think that there is some kind of plot in this, on which many by this time have been taken, and it hath been dangerous for any stranger to walk in the streets, but I went with the men, and we did put it out in a little time ; so that that was well again. It was pretty to see how hard the women did work in the cannels, sweeping of water ; but then they would scold for drink, and be as drunk as devils. I saw good butts of sugar broken open in the street, and people give and take handfuls out, and put into beer, and drink it. And now all being pretty well, I took boat, and over to Southwark, and took boat on the other side the bridge, and so to Westminster, thinking to shift myself, being all in dirt from top to bottom ; but could not there find any place to buy a shirt or pair of gloves, Westminster Hall being full of people's goods, those in Westminster having removed all their goods, and the Exchequer money put into vessels to carry to Nonsuch ; but to the Swan, and there was trimmed : and then to Whitehall, but saw nobody ; and so home. A sad sight to see how the river looks ; no houses nor church near it, to the Temple, where it stopped. At home did go with Sir W. Batten, and our neighbour Knightly (who, with one more, was the only man of any fashion left in all the neighbourhood thereabouts, they all removing their goods and leaving their houses to the mercy of the fire), to Sir R. Ford's, and there dined in an earthen platter—a fried breast of mutton ; a great many of us, but very merry, and indeed as good a meal, though as ugly a one, as ever I had in my life. Thence down to Deptford, and there with

great satisfaction landed all my goods at Sir G. Carteret's safe, and nothing missed I could see, or hurt. This being done to my great content, I home, and to Sir W. Batten's, and there, with Sir R. Ford, Mr. Knightly, and one Withers, a professed lying rogue, supped well, and mighty merry, and our fears over. From them to the office, and there slept with the office full of labourers, who talked, and slept, and walked all night long there. But strange it was to see Clothworkers' Hall on fire these three days and nights in one body of flame, it being the cellar full of oil.

7. Up by five o'clock ; and, blessed be God ! find all well ; and by water to Paul's Wharf. Walked thence, and saw all the town burned, and a miserable sight of Paul's church, with all the roofs fallen, and the body of the choir fallen into St. Faith's ; Paul's school also, Ludgate and Fleet Street ; my father's house, and the church, and a good part of the Temple the like. So to Creed's lodging, near the New Exchange, and there find him laid down upon a bed ; the house all unfurnished, there being fears of the fire's coming to them. There borrowed a shirt of him, and washed. To Sir W. Coventry at St. James's, who lay without curtains, having removed all his goods ; as the King at Whitehall, and everybody had done, and was doing. He hopes we shall have no public distractions upon this fire, which is what everybody fears, because of the talk of the French having a hand in it. And it is a proper time for discontents ; but all men's minds are full of care to protect themselves and save their goods ; the militia is in arms everywhere. Our fleets, he tells me, have been in sight one of another, and most unhappily by foul weather were parted, to our great loss, as in reason they do conclude ; the Dutch being come out only to make a show, and please their people, but in very bad condition as to stores, victuals, and men. They are at Boulogne, and our fleet come to St. Ellen's. We have got nothing, but have lost one ship, but he knows not what. Thence to the Swan, and there drank, and so home, and find all

well. My Lord Brouncker, at Sir W. Batten's, tells us the General is sent for up, to come to advise with the King about business at this juncture, and to keep all quiet ; which is great honour to him, but I am sure is but a piece of dissimulation. So home, and did give orders for my house to be made clean ; and then down to Woolwich, and there find all well. Dined, and Mrs. Markham came to see my wife. This day our Merchants first met at Gresham College, which, by proclamation, is to be their Exchange. Strange to hear what is bid for houses all up and down here ; a friend of Sir W. Rider's having £150 for what he used to let for £40 per annum. Much dispute where the Custom House shall be ; thereby the growth of the City again to be foreseen. My Lord Treasurer, they say, and others, would have it at the other end of the town. I home late to Sir W. Pen's, who did give me a bed, but without curtains or hangings, all being down. So here I went the first time into a naked bed, only my drawers on ; and did sleep pretty well ; but still both sleeping and waking had a fear of fire in my heart, that I took little rest. People do all the world over cry out of the simplicity of my Lord Mayor in general ; and more particularly in this business of the fire, laying it all upon him. A proclamation is come out for markets to be kept at Leadenhall and Mile End Green, and several other places about the town ; and Tower Hill, and all churches to be set open to receive poor people.

## HENRY TEONGE

.1620-1690

HENRY TEONGE, an "old cavalier" and Warwickshire clergyman, left his parish to the care of his son and went to sea for a year or two as chaplain in a man of war when he was fifty-four years of age. His motive was to escape for a time from the attentions of duns and land pirates, whom, he says, he hated worse than Turks. It was a meagre pittance his office and rank afforded him, but he was a happy-natured, genial soul, and greatly enjoyed the two voyages he made. There was no life like a life at sea, he declared. His ability and education were respectable if not outstanding. His diary is interesting in its descriptions of the Mediterranean ports he visited, in the curious accounts he gives of what he saw and learned there, and in the glimpses it affords of the conditions which prevailed in the Navy of Charles II's time.

*1675, September 28.* This morning one of our men, viz. Skinner, a known cuckold, for going on shore without leave had his legs tied together, his hands tied to a great rope, and stood on the side of the ship to be hoisted up to the yard arm, and from thence to drop down into the water 3 times : but he looking so very pitifully, and also by the gentlemen's entreaties to the Captain for him, who alleged that he had injuries enough already, as having a wife, a whore and a scold, to injure him at home, *ergo* had the more need to be pitied abroad, was spared.

Now we are on the coasts of Sancta Maura or Maurea, so much commended by Sir Philip Sydney for its fruitfulness and pleasant merryness of the inhabitants, and were thence called merry Greeks. 'Tis *pene insula*, almost an island, made by the Gulf Lapantho, which running between the Albanian shore and Sta. Maura, doth divide it, and make an island of it ; only 'tis linked

by a neck of land 5 miles. This Gulf of Lepantho was the place into the which the remainder of the Turkish fleet was once forced by the Venetians ; who, knowing that they had them in a pincfold out of which they could by no means return, layed some vessels in the mouth of the Gulf to keep them in, and then pursued some other scattered galleys. And when the Venetians came up the Lepantho the next day to seize on their prey, they found neither man nor galley, for that night the Turks had drawn their galleys over that neck of land, and what they could not draw over they sunk in the place ; and so secured all, by being now in the Arches whither the Venetians could not come suddenly, being 70 leagues off at least. This Maura was the habitation of the merry Greeks, but now the Turks have it ; and it lies the next to the Christian shore, viz. Zante and Cephalonia.

30. A brave gale all night, which brought us this morning near Candia, to a small island called Goza, and another a little more eastward, called Anti-Goza. More mirth at dinner this day than ever since we came on board. The wind blew very hard, and we had to dinner a rump of Zante beef, a little salted and well roasted. When it was brought in to the cabin and set on the table (that is, on the floor, for it could not stand on the table for the ship's tossing), our Captain sent for the Master, Mr. Fogg, and Mr. Davis, to dine with himself and myself, and the Lieutenant, and the Purser. And we all sat close round about the beef, some securing themselves from slurring by setting their feet against the table, which was fast tied down. The Lieutenant set his feet against the bed, and the Captain set his back against a chair, which stood by the side of the ship. Several tumbles we had, we and our plates, and our knives slurred often together. Our liquor was white rubola, admirably good. We had also a couple of fat pullets ; and whilst we were eating of them, a sea came, and forced into the cabin through the chinks of a porthole, which by looking behind me I just discovered when the

water was coming under me. I soon got up, and no whit wet; but all the rest were well washed, and got up as fast as they could, and laughed one at the other. We drank the King's and Duke's healths, and all our wives particularly.

*Oct. 1.* We are past Candia, but yet part of it is in our sight. Now we put up our studding sails, to make the more haste to Cyprus.

2. A fine gale still, but no sight or news of the Trypolees. We do this evening remember our friends in England in good rubola.

3. This morning we discover 2 sails ahead of us. We view them at a distance, and observe how they stand. They seemed not at all to make away from us; which makes us absolutely believe they were Turks; which causes us to prepare for a fight. Every man in the ship seemed to be very joyful of an encounter, and accordingly we make every thing ready. Our main yard and fore yard slung with chains; quarter deck armed; everything ready. They stirred not at all, but lay ready to receive us. Our Captain commands to put out our ancient, Jack, and pendent: says he, We'll show them what we are: They did not so much as edge from us, but were in the same mind to fight and as ready as were ourselves. They then seemed to open a little one from the other, as though they would fight us on the one side, and the other on the other side of us. We with our trumpets sounding and hailing them, steered our course directly between them. Just at that instant we discover them to be Maltese by their white cross, and they know us to be English by our red cross; and being now come close together, the first salutes us with 3 guns, bullets and all, and immediately puts off his boat and comes on board us; whom we also answer with 3 guns. The other salutes us with 7, and we return 7 again. Some of them come on board of us, and our Captain makes them very welcome; and because we were made so welcome at Malta, we spare them some barrels of powder, which they wanted very much; and so we



part, and keep on our course. This day I hanselled my new cassock, but had no time for prayers.

4. This morning (having had a prosperous gale all night) we are in sight of that famous island of Cyprus, once in the possession of the English ; and a very plentiful island, stored with good things.

5. At 2 of the clock we come to an anchor in 20 fathom water, in the bay of Salyné or Salamis, as Acts xiii. 5 ; where we found one French ship, and 4 sloops lying close under their fortification.

This is the very place where the Turks landed when they took Nicossia, and afterwards the whole island. And this island of Cyprus lies in the farthermost part of the Mediterranean ; and has on the east Soria, to which some authors say it was formerly joined in *terra firma* ; on the west Pamfilia ; on the south Egypt ; and on the north Carramania, called of old Cylicia. It is 700 miles in compass, in length 280 miles, and in the broadest part not above 70 miles over. It is of a very good air, though some contradict it ; and produces almost all things belonging to human life (as says Paulo Paruta) in great abundance ; yea, though the 5th part of their ground be not tilled, and the one half of that too lies fallow every other year.

Besides corn in abundance, this island yields store of excellent good wine both white and red, sugar, cottons, saffron, capers ; salt pits in abundance, and mines of the most precious metals. Here is found a silk-stone (as they call it), much like to blacklead in show, and is as heavy : scrape it, and you would think the scrapings of it were pure silk ; and if you put the scrapings of it into the flame of a candle, it will look as red as the snuff itself of the candle ; but pull it out of the flame again, and it returns to its own colour again, and is no whit altered by the fire. This I saw several times. Here is also that rare thing called *terra sigillata*, got (with a great deal of ceremony) by opening one peculiar place in the earth, where it doth come up in one night's time, like that which dew-worms throw up, and but one par-

ticular night in the whole year. Of this they take such a quantity as will last them one whole year, and then with as much ceremony close up the earth again. Of this the Grand Seigneur is presented first with a great share, and after that, some others of the great ones ; and after, some for other countries.

So that, by reason of its plenty of precious things, it was formerly called Macharia, Blessed. Here is plenty of locusts and wild honey, which the inhabitants will carry about in a wooden platter, or tray, and proffer you a piece on a knife as you walk the streets, not asking anything for it : it looks almost like rosin, but do but touch it and it melts. The poets feign Venus to have been born here, and to delight to live here as in her nest ; therefore the Cyprians built her a temple at Paphos, in honour of their goddess.

It is credibly reported as a tradition among the Greeks that dwell on that island, and much lamented too, that of their silk stone (which I spoke of before) the Cyprians did make an excellent sort of silk, which is not again to be found in the world, and did weave it there. But now that art is quite lost : for there was a time when that island was so pestered with small venomous creatures, much like our efts or newts, that with the annoyance and their stinging of the people, as also by a sore disease, caused as it was thought by the noisome smell of those creatures, which breed innumeraibly, for want of the rain which had used to fall there, but then did not for a long time together, that whole island was depopulated, and lay so 30 years together, till a way was invented to kill those venomous creatures, which they did by abundance of cats, which were turned loose and became wild, and bred very much, and fed upon those creatures. At that time the art of making silk of their silk-stone was lost, and never yet recovered. There is at this time excellent pieces of silk of several sorts woven there, as also the finest diaper, indeed of all sorts, for they have an excellent art in the making of those commodities.

## EDWARD LAKE

1642-1704

DR. EDWARD LAKE was archdeacon of Exeter and rector of St. Mary-at-Hill, London. He hoped to be chaplain to the Princess Mary when she went as Princess of Orange to Holland, but was not appointed. "A man of uncommon piety and learning and a celebrated preacher," he was not without the qualities which make a diarist.

*1678, Feb. 14.* About this time I had a letter out of Holland from Mr Lee, that the princess was grown somewhat fat and very beautiful withal ; that she did sometimes go (by Dr Lloyd's connivance) to the English congregation at the Hague : whereat I was much troubled, and so were all other honest and loyal persons who had notice of it : for this church is served by a nonconformist minister out of England, and maintained by the States to draw people thither for the increase of their trade. Nor would Dr Brown suffer the late princess royal to be drawn thither, though in the worst of times, when there was hardly any face of a church of England. And yet the present bishop of Winchester hath preached in that church when he was chaplain to the Queen of Bohemia, for which his lordship suffered much in his reputation.

24. I waited on the bishop of St David's, with whom I found the bishop of Exeter, who discoursing of and lamenting the debaucheries of the nation, and particularly of the court, imputed them much to the untimely death of the old king<sup>1</sup> who was always very severe in the education of his present majesty : insomuch that at St Mary's in Oxford he did once hit him on the head with his staff when he did observe him to laugh (at sermon time) upon the ladies who sate against him.

<sup>1</sup> Charles I.

'Twas at that time observed his majesty had good spirit and courage ; for some of the officers being gone forth into the country to plunder accidentally met with an old captain who was one of Cromwell's officers and had been very active against the king, and brought him to Oxford ; there was a great concourse of people gathered about him at his entrance through the city, whereat his present majesty walking the streets demanded what was the matter. They told him that as picqueering they found an old rebel who was then with them : he asked them what they designed to do with him : they said they were carrying him to his father ; the king immediately replied " Carry him rather to the gallows and hang him up, for if you carry him to my father he'll surely pardon him."

## JOHN BUFTON

JOHN BUFTON of Coggeshall, Essex, towards the end of the XVII century recorded in his diary events of general or local interest. The entries quoted here are of value only as illustrating the manners of the times.

*1678, July 16.* My brother John and his wife both took ship at London to go into Ireland. After which we heard not of them till the 10th of September, on which day Goodman Lay received a letter from his daughter, which I saw and read, whereby I understood they were six weeks upon the water.

*1680, April 23.* A new pillory was set up in Coxall.

*1680/1, Feb. 1.* There was a man, a stranger, whipt up Church Street at the cart's tail.

*1682, July 6.* There was a ducking stool set up in a Church pond.

*1699, July 13.* The widow Comon was put into the river to see if she would sink, because she was suspected to be a witch—and she did not sink, but swim. And she was tried again July 19, and then she swam again, and did not sink.

24. The widow Comon was tried a third time by putting her into the river, and she swum and did not sink.

*Dec. 27.* The widow Comon, that was counted a witch, was buried.

## THOMAS CARTWRIGHT

1634-1680

DR. CARTWRIGHT's diary begins as merely useful memoranda of daily occurrences, but becomes more communicative as it goes on. His account of his consecration as Bishop of Chester is interesting and some of his entries reflect the difficulties which the religious dissensions of the times raised in private and family life.

*1686, Oct. 17.* I was with the Bishop of Oxford at the King's levee ; where he having received notice of the King's pleasure by my Lord Sunderland that I should be consecrated before him (though confirmed after him by the contrivance of my Lord Chancellor, at which the King expressed his high displeasure), urged my Lord Sunderland to signify to the King that it would be a thing against all precedents and much to his dissatisfaction, whereupon his Lordship (having consulted the King in his closet) signified to me that the King would take it kindly of me if I would waive my pretensions to seniority, which he acknowledged to be just, and that I should suddenly receive such a mark of his royal favour as would more than compensate my present claim. After this we went in the Archbishop's barge to Lambeth, with the Bishops of Durham, Norwich and Ely, and there met the Bishop of Rochester, who joined with the Archbishop in our consecration. Mem. The Archbishop fell flat on his face as he passed with the Holy Bread from the south to the north side of the altar, his head to the place where he knelt ; but being raised up by his two chaplains, Dr Morice and Dr Batley he proceeded well to the end of the service. Mr Lowth preached the consecration sermon.

*1687, Jan. 8.* In the afternoon Sir Thomas Grosvenor

and my lady discoursed all those matters and causes of difference, and agreed upon these terms, that Mr M should come to his house at any time when he was in the country, and be entertained as others, and that if any servants carried any tales between them on either side they should be turned away ; and that no public discourse of religion should be suffered in this house, but my lady be permitted to enjoy hers in private, she not writing to Mr M but what upon request she should show to Sir Thomas and what return he made her ; and so Sir Thomas and my lady and Mrs Rooksby, who with my wife and daughter Sarah were auditors of the whole matter, supped together with great satisfaction to all parties. My lady brought us a cheese.

## CELIA FIENNES

THERE were not many women like Celia Fiennes in XVII-century England. She made journeys on horseback through a great part of England and a little bit of Scotland in the reign of William and Mary. Her diary records her experiences and observations, and constitutes a veritable guidebook of the regions she traversed. Though writing from day to day she does not bother to date each entry : she writes, as she says, with " freedom and easyness." Despite her lack of skill in the art of composition, however, she was manifestly a woman of keen intelligence who kept both her eyes open.

This is a little market town called Adison Bank the houses look just like the booths at a fair, I am sure I have been in some of them that were tolerable dwellings to these, they have no chimneys, their smoke comes out all over the house and there are great holes in the sides of their houses which lets out the smoke when they have been well smoked in it. There is no room in their houses but is up to the thatch and in which are two or three beds, even to their parlours and buttery, and notwithstanding the cleaning of their parlour for me I was not able to bear the room ; the smell of the hay was a perfume and what I rather chose to stay and see my horses eat their provender in the stable than to stand in that room for I could not bring myself to sit down. My landlady offered me a good dish of fish and brought me butter in a lairdly dish with the clap bread, but I could have no stomach to eat any of the food they should order, and finding they had no wheaten bread I told her I could not eat their clapt out bread, so I bought the fish she got for me which was full cheap enough nine pence for two pieces of salmon half a one near a yard long, and a very large trout of an amber colour, so drinking without eating some of their wine which was exceeding good claret which they stand conveniently



for to have from France, and indeed it was the best and truest French wine I have drunk this seven year and very clear. I had the first tapping of the little vessel and it was very fine. Then I went up to their church which looks rather like some little house built of stone and brick such as our ordinary people in a village live in. The doors were and the seats and pulpit was in so disregarded a manner that one would have thought there was no use of it, but there is a parson which lives just by, whose house is the best in the place, and they are all fine folks in their Sunday Cloathes. I observe the Church yard is full of grave stones pretty large with coats of arms, and some had a coronet on the escutcheons cut in the stone. I saw but one house that looked like a house about a quarter of a mile, which was some gentleman's which was built two or three rooms and some over them of brick and stone, the rest were all like barns or huts for cattle. This is threescore miles from Edinburgh and the nearest town to this place is eighteen miles, and there would not have been much better entertainment or accommodation, and their miles are so long in these countries made me afraid to venture, lest after a tedious journey I should not be able to get a bed I could lie in. It seems there are very few towns except Edinburgh Aberdeen and Kerk which can give better treatment to strangers therefore for the most part persons that travel there go from one nobleman's house to another. Those houses are all kind of castles and they live great though in so nasty a way as all things are in even those houses one has little stomach to eat or use anything, as I have been told by some that has travelled there, and I am sure that I met with a sample of it enough to discourage my progress farther in Scotland.

## JONATHAN SWIFT

1667-1745

SWIFT was no Irishman. Though he was born in Dublin, his parents were both English by long descent : and though he was first Vicar of Laracor and afterwards Dean of St. Patrick's, it was the Church of England he loved and an English bishopric he coveted. In the vain hope of obtaining some such preferment he came over to London in 1710 and spent three years in writing political tracts, lampoons and squibs in the interests of the Tory ministry. Oxford and Bolingbroke were glad to have his caustic pen at their service, and indeed they liked the man and trusted him, admitting him to their counsels and valuing his advice. But they did not put a mitre on his head. It was during those three years that the *Journal to Stella* was written. Stella was Miss Hester Johnson, a niece of Sir William Temple of Moor Park, in whose house Swift had spent ten years of his youth as chaplain and secretary, and tutor to the growing girl. She was fourteen and he was twice her age when she became his pupil. She grew to be a beautiful and intelligent woman. In time a warm affection bound them to each other. When Temple died Swift persuaded her to come to Ireland and to set up house near him in company with her friend Miss Dingley. Some say that many years afterwards he married her. It is doubtful. If he did, he never acknowledged her as his wife.

The *Journal* consists of a series of letters in diary form, written a bit every morning before he got out of bed and again a bit every night after he retired before he went to sleep. It makes curious reading. He tells the two ladies (for Dingley as he calls her shares it with Stella) of his doings day by day, where he goes, with whom he dines, whom he meets, what gossip he hears, what business he is about, what pamphlets he is writing, what policies he is trying to further, what are his hopes and fears for the government and for his own affairs ; while his loyalty to his friends, his peculiar humour, his penurious ways, his not infrequent unvaracity, with many other facets of a strangely many-sided character, display themselves with scant reserve. Along with the serious

and at times momentous matter about which he writes, there runs through the whole Journal a certain playfulness, unexpected in the communications of a middle-aged clergyman to ladies no longer young. This playfulness expresses itself sometimes in the use of initials such as D for Dingley, M.D. (my dear or my dears) for Dingley or Stella or both, and in PDFR (poor dear foolish rogue) and Presto by which he constantly designates himself, sometimes in terms of raillery, not always the most refined, and sometimes in such nursery language as one might address to a child. Of such features it has been well said, "They doubtless had an earnest intensity of meaning for this strange grim middle-aged lover and his mistress, but for us they are dumb, and like shrivelled petals found between the leaves of some old romance, we can only dimly wonder what was the message they carried to the eyes which brightened as they saw them."

*1710, November 22.* I dined with Secretary St. John ; and Lord Dartmouth, who is 'tother Secretary, dined with us, and Lord Orrery and Prior, &c. Harley called, but could not dine with us, and would have had me away while I was at dinner ; but I did not like the company he was to have. We stayed till eight, and I called at the coffee-house, and looked where the letters lie ; but no letter directed for Mr. Presto : at last I saw a letter to Mr. Addison, and it looked like a rogue's hand, so I made the fellow give it me, and opened it before him, and saw three letters all for myself : so, truly, I put them in my pocket, and came home to my lodging. Well, and so you shall hear : well, and so I found one of them in Dingley's hand, and 'tother in Stella's, and the third in Domville's. Well, so you shall hear : so, said I to myself, What now, two letters from MD together ? But I thought there was something in the wind ; so I opened one, and I opened 'tother ; and so you shall hear, one was from Walls. Well, but 'tother was from our own dear MD ; yes it was. O faith, have you received my seventh, young women, already ? then I must send this to-morrow, else there will be old doings at our house, faith.—Well, I won't answer your letter in this : no faith, catch me at that, and I never saw the

like. Well, but as to Walls, tell him, (with service to him and wife, &c.) that I have no imagination of Mr. Pratt's losing his place : and while Pratt continues, Clements is in no danger ; and I have already engaged Lord Hyde he speaks of, for Pratt and twenty others ; but if such a thing should happen, I will do what I can. I have above ten businesses of other people's now on my hands, and, I believe, shall miscarry in half. It is your sixth I now have received. I writ last post to the Bishop of Clogher again. Shall I send this to-morrow ? Well, I will, to oblige MD. Which would you rather, a short letter every week, or a long one every fortnight ? A long one ; well, it shall be done, and so good night. Well, but is this a long one ? No, I warrant you : too long for naughty girls.

23. I only ask, have you got both the ten pounds, or only the first ; I hope you mean both. Pray be good housewives, and I beg you to walk when you can for health. Have you the horse in town ? and do you ever ride him ? how often ? Confess. Ahhh, sirrah, have I caught you ? Can you contrive to let Mrs. Fenton know, that the request she has made me in her letter, I will use what credit I have to bring about, although I hear it is very difficult, and I doubt I shall not succeed. Cox is not to be your Chancellor : all joined against him. I have been supping with Lord Peterborow, at his house, with Prior, Lewis, and Dr. Freind. 'Tis the ramblingest lying rogue on earth. Dr. Raymond is come to town : 'tis late, and so I bid you good night.

24. I tell you pretty management : Ned Southwell told me the other day, he had a letter from the bishops of Ireland, with an address to the Duke of Ormond, to intercede with the Queen, to take off the First-Fruits.<sup>1</sup> I dined with him to-day, and saw it, with another letter to him from the Bishop of Kildare, to call upon me for the papers, &c. and I had last post one from the Arch-

<sup>1</sup> Swift had been commissioned by the Irish bishops to endeavour to get the First-Fruits of the Irish Church recovered for Ecclesiastical uses. He was successful.

bishop of Dublin, telling me the reason of this proceeding ; that upon hearing the Duke of Ormond was declared Lord-Lieutenant, they met, and the Bishops were for this project, and talked coldly of my being solicitor, as one that was favoured by 'tother party, &c. but desired that I would still solicit. Now the wisdom of this is admirable ; for I had given the Archbishop an account of my reception from Mr. Harley, and how he had spoken to the Queen, and promised it should be done ; but Mr. Harley ordered me to tell no person alive. Some time after, he gave me leave to let the Primate and Archbishop know that the Queen had remitted the First-Fruits, and that in a short time they should have an account of it in form from Lord Dartmouth, Secretary of State. So while the letter was on the road to the Duke of Ormond and Southwell, mine was going to them with an account of the thing being done. I writ a very warm answer to the Archbishop immediately, and showed my resentments, as I ought, against the Bishops, only in good manners excepting himself. I wonder what they will say when they hear the thing is done. I was yesterday forced to tell Southwell so, that the Queen had done it, &c. for he said, my Lord Duke would think of it some months hence when he was going for Ireland ; and he had it three years in doing formerly, without any success. I give you free leave to say, on occasion, that it is done, and that Mr. Harley prevailed on the Queen to do it, &c. as you please. As I hope to live, I despise the credit of it, out of an excess of pride, and desire you will not give me the least merit when you talk of it ; but I would vex the bishops, and have it spread that Mr. Harley had done it : pray do so. Your mother sent me last night a parcel of wax candles, and a bandbox full of small plumcakes. I thought it had been something for you ; and without opening them, sent answer by the maid that brought them, that I would take care to send the things, &c. but I will write her thanks. Is this a long letter, sirrahs ? Now, are you satisfied ? I have had

no fit since the first : I drink brandy every morning, and take pills every night. Never fear, I an't vexed at this puppy business of the bishops, although I was a little at first. I will tell you my reward ; Mr. Harley will think he has done me a favour ; the Duke of Ormond, perhaps, that I have put a neglect on him ; and the bishops in Ireland that I have done nothing at all. So goes the world. But I have got above all this, and, perhaps, I have better reason for it than they know : and so you shall hear no more of First-Fruits, dukes, Harleys, archbishops, and Southwells.

I have slipped off Raymond upon some of his countrymen to show him the town, &c. and I lend him Patrick. He desires to sit with me in the evenings ; upon which I have given Patrick positive orders that I am not within at evenings.

*1711, January 16.* O faith, young women, I have sent my letter N.13, without one crumb of an answer to any of MD's ; there's for you now ; and yet Presto ben't angry faith, not a bit, only he will begin to be in pain next Irish post, except he sees MD's little handwriting in the glass frame at the bar of St. James's Coffeehouse, where Presto would never go but for that purpose. Presto's at home, God help him, every night from six till bed time, and has as little enjoyment or pleasure in life at present as any body in the world, although in full favour with all the ministry. As hope saved, nothing gives Presto any sort of dream of happiness, but a letter now and then from his own dearest MD. I love the expectation of it, and when it does not come, I comfort myself, that I have it yet to be happy with. Yes, faith, and when I write to MD, I am happy too ; it is just as if methinks you were here, and I prating to you, and telling you where I have been : Well, says you, Presto, come, where have you been to-day ? come, let's hear now. And so then I answer ; Ford and I were visiting Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Prior, and Prior has given me a fine Plautus, and then Ford would

have had me dine at his lodgings, and so I would not ; and so I dined with him at an eating-house ; which I have not done five times since I came here ; and so I came home, after visiting Sir Andrew Fountaine's mother and sister, and Sir Andrew Fountaine is mending, though slowly.

17. I was making, this morning, some general visits, and at twelve I called at the coffeehouse for a letter from MD ; so the man said he had given it to Patrick ; then I went to the Court of Requests and Treasury to find Mr. Harley, and after some time spent in mutual reproaches, I promised to dine with him ; I stayed there till seven, then called at Sterne's and Leigh's to talk about your box, and to have it sent by Smyth. Sterne says he has been making inquiries, and will set things right as soon as possible. I suppose it lies at Chester, at least I hope so, and only wants a lift over to you. Here has little Harrison been to complain, that the printer I recommended to him for his Tatler is a coxcomb ; and yet to see how things will happen ; for this very printer is my cousin, his name is Dryden Leach ; did you never hear of Dryden Leach, he that prints the Postman ? He acted Oroonoko, he's in love with Miss Cross.—Well, so I came home to read my letter from Stella, but the dog Patrick was abroad ; at last he came, and I got my letter ; I found another hand had superscribed it ; when I opened it, I found it written all in French, and subscribed Bernage : faith, I was ready to fling it at Patrick's head. Bernage tells me, had been to desire your recommendation to me to make him a captain ; and your cautious answer, " That he had as much power with me as you," was a notable one ; if you were here, I would present you to the ministry as a person of ability. Bernage should let me know where to write to him ; this is the second letter I have had without any direction ; however, I beg I may not have a third, but that you will ask him, and send me how I shall direct to him. In the meantime, tell him, that if regiments are to be raised here, as he says, I will speak

to George Granville, Secretary at War, to make him a captain ; and use what other interest I conveniently can. I think that is enough, and so tell him, and don't trouble me with his letters when I expect them from MD ; do you hear, young women, write to Presto.

18. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary St. John, and we were to dine at Mr. Harley's alone, about some business of importance, but there were two or three gentlemen there. Mr. Secretary and I went together from his office to Mr. Harley's, and thought to have been very wise ; but the deuce a bit : the company stayed, and more came, and Harley went away at seven, and the Secretary and I stayed with the rest of the company till eleven ; I would then have had him come away, but he was in for't ; and though he swore he would come away at that flask, there I left him. I wonder at the civility of these people ; when he saw I would drink no more, he would always pass the bottle by me, and yet I could not keep the toad from drinking himself, nor he would not let me go neither, nor Masham, who was with us. When I got home I found a parcel directed to me, and opening it, I found a pamphlet written entirely against myself, not by name, but against something I writ : it is pretty civil, and affects to be so, and I think I will take no notice of it ; 'tis against something written very lately ; and indeed I know not what to say, nor do I care ; and so you are a saucy rogue for losing your money to-day at Stoyte's ; to let that bungler beat you, fy Stella, an't you ashamed ? well, I forgive you this once, never do so again ; no, noooo. Kiss and be friends, sirrah.—Come, let me go sleep ; I go earlier to bed than formerly ; and have not been out so late these two months ; but the secretary was in a drinking humour. So good night, myownlittledear-saucyinsolentrogues.

19. Then you read that long word in the last line, no faith han't you. Well, when will this letter come from our MD ? to-morrow or next day without fail ; yes faith, and so it is coming. This was an insipid



snowy day, no walking day, and I dined gravely with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and came home, and am now got to bed a little after ten ; I remember old Culpepper's maxim :

Would you have a settled head,  
 You must early go to bed :  
 I tell you, and I tell't again,  
 You must be in bed at ten.

20. And so I went to-day with my new wig, o hoao, to visit Lady Worsley, whom I had not seen before, although she was near a month in town. Then I walked in the Park to find Mr. Ford, whom I had promised to meet, and coming down the Mall, who should come towards me but Patrick, and gives me five letters out of his pocket. I read the superscription of the first, Pshoh, said I ; of the second, pshoh again ; of the third, pshah, pshah, pshah ; of the fourth, a gad, a gad, a gad, I'm in a rage ; of the fifth and last, O hoooa ; ay marry this is something, this is our MD, so truly we opened it, I think immediately, and it began the most impudently in the world, thus ; Dear Presto, we are even thus far. Now we are even, quoth Stephen, when he gave his wife six blows for one. I received your ninth four days after I had sent my thirteenth. But I'll reckon with you anon about that, young women. Why did you not recant at the end of your letter when you got my eleventh ? tell me that huzzies base, were we even then, were we, sirrah ? but I won't answer your letter now, I'll keep it for another time. We had a great deal of snow to-day, and 'tis terrible cold. I dined with Ford, because it was his opera day and snowed, so I did not care to stir farther. I'll send to-morrow to Smyth.

21 (*Morning*). It has snowed terribly all night, and is vengeance cold. I am not yet up, but cannot write long ; my hands will freeze. Is there a good fire, Patrick ? Yes, sir, then I'll rise ; come take away the candle. You must know I write on the dark side of my bedchamber, and am forced to have a candle till I rise, for the bed stands between me and the window,

and I keep the curtains shut this cold weather. So pray let me rise, and, Patrick, here take away the candle.—At night. We are now here in high frost and snow, the largest fire can hardly keep us warm. It is very ugly walking ; a baker's boy broke his thigh yesterday. I walk slow, make short steps, and never tread on my heel. 'Tis a good proverb the Devonshire people have :

Walk fast in snow,  
In frost walk slow,  
And still as you go,  
Tread on your toe :  
When frost and snow are both together,  
Sit by the fire and spare shoe leather.

I dined to-day with Dr. Cockburn, but will not do so again in haste, he has generally such a parcel of Scots with him.

22 (*Morning*). Starving, starving, uth, uth, uth, uth, uth.—Don't you remember I used to come into your chamber, and turn Stella out of her chair, and rake up the fire in a cold morning, and cry uth, uth, uth ? &c. O faith I must rise, my hand is so cold I can write no more. So good morrow, sirrahs.—At night. I went this morning to Lady Giffard's house, and saw your mother, and made her give me a pint bottle of palsy water, which I brought home in my pocket ; and sealed and tied up in a paper, and sent it to Mr. Smyth, who goes to-morrow for Ireland, and sent a letter to him to desire his care of it, and that he would inquire at Chester about the box. He was not within, so the bottle and letter were left for him at his lodgings, with strict orders to give them to him ; and I will send Patrick in a day or two, to know whether it was given, &c. ' Dr. Stratford and I dined to-day with Mr. Stratford in the city, by appointment : but I chose to walk there for exercise in the frost. But the weather had given a little, as you women call it, so it was something slobbery. I did not get home till nine, and now I am in bed to break your head.

23 (*Morning*). They tell me it freezes again, but it is

not so cold as yesterday : so now I will answer a bit of your letter.—At night. O faith I was just going to answer some of our MD's letter this morning, when a printer came in about some business, and stayed an hour ; so I rose, and then came in Ben Tooke, and then I shaved and scribbled, and it was such a terrible day I could not stir out till one, and then I called at Mrs. Barton's, and we went to Lady Worsley's, where we were to dine by appointment. The Earl of Berkeley is going to be married to Lady Louisa Lennox, the Duke of Richmond's daughter. I writ this night to Dean Sterne, and bid him tell you all about the bottle of palsy water by Smyth, and to-morrow morning I will say something to your letter.

24 (*Morning*). Come now to your letter. As for your being even with me, I have spoken to that already. So now, my dearly beloved, let us proceed to the next. You are always grumbling that you han't letters fast enough, "*surely we shall have your tenth*" : and yet before you end your letter, you own you have my eleventh.—And why did not MD go into the country with the Bishop of Clogher ? faith such a journey would have done you good ; Stella should have rid, and Dingley gone in the coach. The Bishop of Kilmore I know nothing of ; he is old and may die : he lives in some obscure corner, for I never hear of him. As for my old friends, if you mean the Whigs, I never see them, as you may find by my journals, except Lord Halifax, and him very seldom ; Lord Somers never since the first visit, for he has been a false deceitful rascal. My new friends are very kind, and I have promises enough, but I do not count upon them, and besides my pretences are very young to them. However, we will see what may be done, and if nothing at all, I shall not be disappointed ; although perhaps poor MD may, and then I shall be sorrier for their sakes than my own.

1711, October 23. I dined with Lord Dupplin as I told you I would, and put my thirty-second into the

post-office my own self ; and I believe there has not been one moment since we parted, wherein a letter was not upon the road, going or coming to or from PMD. If the Queen knew it, she would give us a pension ; for it is we bring good luck to their post-boys and their packets ; else they would break their necks and sink. But, an old saying and a true one :

Be it snow, or storm, or hail,

PMD's letters never fail ;

Cross winds may sometimes make them tarry,

But PMD's letters can't miscarry.

Terrible rain to-day, but it cleared up at night enough to save my twelvepence coming home. Lord-Treasurer is much better this evening. I hate to have him ill, he is so confoundedly careless. I won't answer your letter yet, so be satisfied.

24. I called at Lord-Treasurer's to-day at noon ; he was eating some broth in his bed-chamber, undressed, with a thousand papers about him. He has a little fever upon him, and his eye terribly blood-shot ; yet he dressed himself and went out to the Treasury. He told me he had a letter from a lady, with a complaint against me ; it was from Mrs. Cutts, a sister of Lord Cutts, who writ to him, that I had abused her brother : you remember the Salamander, it is printed in the Miscellany. I told my lord, that I would never regard complaints, and that I expected, whenever he received any against me, he would immediately put them into the fire, and forget them, else I should have no quiet. I had a little turn in my head this morning ; which, though it did not last above a moment, yet being of the true sort, has made me as weak as a dog all this day. 'Tis the first I have had this half year. I shall take my pills if I hear of it again. I dined at Lady Mountjoy's with Harry Coote, and went to see Lord Pembroke upon his coming to town.—The Whig party are furious against a peace, and every day some ballad comes out reflecting on the ministry on that account. The Secretary St. John has seized on a dozen book-

sellers and publishers into his messengers' hands. Some of the foreign ministers have published the preliminaries agreed on here between France and England ; and people rail at them as insufficient to treat a peace upon ; but the secret is, that the French have agreed to articles much more important, which our ministers have not communicated, and the people, who think they know all, are discontented that there is no more. This was an inconvenience I foretold to the Secretary ; but we could contrive no way to fence against it. So there's politics for you.

25. The Queen is at Hampton Court ; she went on Tuesday in that terrible rain. I dined with Lewis at his lodgings, to dispatch some business we had. I sent this morning and evening to Lord-Treasurer, and he is much worse by going out ; I am in pain about evening. He has sent for Dr. Radcliffe ; pray God preserve him. The Chancellor of the Exchequer showed me to-day a ballad in manuscript against Lord-Treasurer and his South Sea project ; it is very sharply written : if it be not printed, I will send it you. If it be, it shall go in your packet of pamphlets.—I found out your letter about directions for the apron, and have ordered to be bought a cheap, green silk work apron ; I have it by heart. I sat this evening with Mrs. Barton, who is my near neighbour. It was a delicious day, and I got my walk, and was thinking whether MD was walking too just at that time that Presto was.—This paper does not cost me a farthing, I have it from the Secretary's office. I long till to-morrow to know how my Lord-Treasurer sleeps this night, and to hear he mends : we are all undone without him ; so pray for him, sirrahs, and don't stay too late at the Dean's.

26. I dined with Mrs. Van ; for the weather is so bad, and I am so busy, that I can't dine with great folks : and besides I dare eat but little, to keep my head in order, which is better. Lord-Treasurer is very ill, but I hope in no danger. We have no quiet with the Whigs, they are so violent against a peace ; but I'll cool them,

with a vengeance very soon. I have not heard from the Bishop of Clogher, whether he has got his statues. I writ to him six weeks ago ; he's so busy with his Parliament. I won't answer your letter yet, say what you will, saucy girls.

27. I forgot to go about some business this morning, which cost me double the time ; and I was forced to be at the Secretary's office till four, and lose my dinner ; so I went to Mrs. Van's, and made them get me three herrings, which I am very fond of, and they are a light victuals : besides, I was to have supped at Lady Ashburnham's ; but the drab did not call for us in her coach, as she promised, but sent for us, and so I sent my excuses. It has been a terrible rainy day, but so flattering in the morning, that I would needs go out in my new hat. I met Leigh and Sterne as I was going into the Park. Leigh says he will go to Ireland in ten days, if he can get Sterne to go with him ; so I will send him the things for MD, and I have desired him to inquire about the box. I hate that Sterne for his carelessness about it ; but it was my fault.

29. I was all this terrible rainy day with my friend Lewis upon business of importance ; and I dined with him, and came home about seven, and thought I would amuse myself a little, after the pains I had taken. I saw a volume of Congreve's plays in my room, that Patrick had taken to read ; and I looked into it, and in mere loitering read in it till twelve, like an owl and a fool : if ever I do so again ; never saw the like. Count Gallas, the Emperor's envoy, you will hear, is in disgrace with us : the Queen has ordered her ministers to have no more commerce with him ; the reason is, the fool writ a rude letter to Lord Dartmouth, Secretary of State, complaining of our proceedings about a peace ; and he is always in close confidence with Lord Wharton and Sunderland, and others of the late ministry. I believe you begin to think there will be no peace ; the Whigs here are sure it cannot be, and stocks are fallen again. But I am confident there will, unless France

plays us tricks ; and you may venture a wager with any of your Whig acquaintance, that we shall not have another campaign. You will get more by it than by ombre, sirrah.—I let slip telling you yesterday's journal, which I thought to have done this morning, but blundered. I dined yesterday at Harry Coote's with Lord Hatton, Mr. Finch, a son of Lord Nottingham, and Sir Andrew Fountaine. I left them soon ; but hear they stayed till two in the morning, and were all drunk ; and so good night for last night, and good night for to-night. You blundering gooscap, aren't you ashamed to blunder to young ladies ? I shall have a fire in three or four days now, oh ho.

30. I was to-day in the city concerting some things with a printer, and am to be to-morrow all day busy with Mr. Secretary about the same. I won't tell you now ; but the ministers reckon it will be abundance of good, and open the eyes of the nation, who are half bewitched against a peace. Few of this generation can remember any thing but war and taxes, and they think it is as it should be ; whereas 'tis certain we are the most undone people in Europe, as I am afraid I shall make appear beyond all contradiction. But I forgot ; I won't tell you what I will do, nor what I will not do : so let me alone, and go to Stoyte, and give Goody Stoyte and Catherine my humble service ; I love Goody Stoyte better than Goody Walls. Who'll pay me for this green apron ? I will have the money ; it cost ten shillings and sixpence. I think it plaguy dear for a cheap thing ; but they said that English silk would cockle, and I know not what. You have the making into the bargain. 'Tis right Italian : I have sent it and the pamphlets to Leigh, and will send the Miscellanies and spectacles in a day or two. I would send more ; but faith I'm plaguy poor at present.

31. The devil's in this Secretary ; when I went this morning he had people with him ; but says he, we are to dine with Prior to-day, and then will do all our business in the afternoon : at two, Prior sends word

he is otherwise engaged ; then the Secretary and I go and dine with Brigadier Britton, sit till eight, grow merry, no business done ; he is in haste to see Lady Jersey ; we part, and appoint no time to meet again.— This is the fault of all the present ministers, teasing me to death for my assistance, laying the whole weight of their affairs upon it, yet slipping opportunities. Lord-Treasurer mends every day, though slowly : I hope he will take care of himself. Pray, will you send to Parvisol to send me a bill of twenty pounds as soon as he can, for I want money. I must have money ; I will have money, sirrahs.

*Nov. 1.* I went to-day into the city to settle some business with Stratford, and to dine with him ; but he was engaged, and I was so angry I would not dine with any other merchant, but went to my printer, and ate a bit, and did business of mischief with him, and I shall have the spectacles and Miscellany to-morrow, and leave them with Leigh. A fine day always makes me go into the city, if I can spare time, because it is exercise ; and that does me more good than any thing. I have heard nothing since of my head, but a little, I don't know how, sometimes : but I am very temperate, especially now the Treasurer is ill, and the ministers often at Hampton Court, and the Secretary not yet fixed in his house, and I hate dining with many of my old acquaintance. Here has been a fellow discovered going out of the East India House with sixteen thousand pounds in money and bills ; he would have escaped, if he had not been so uneasy with thirst, that he stole out before his time, and was caught. But what is that to MD ? I wish we had the money, provided the East India Company was never the worse ; you know we must not covet, &c. Our weather, for this fortnight past, is chequered, a fair and a rainy day ; this was very fine, and I have walked four miles ; wish MD would do so, lazy sluttikins.

2. It has rained all day with a *continuendo*, and I went in a chair to dine with Mrs. Van ; always there in a very rainy day. But I made a shift to come back afoot.



I live a very retired life, pay very few visits, and keep but very little company ; I read no newspapers. I am sorry I sent you the Examiner, for the printer is going to print them in a small volume : it seems the author is too proud to have them printed by subscription, though his friends offered, they say, to make it worth five hundred pounds to him. The Spectators are likewise printing in a larger and a smaller volume, so I believe they are going to leave them off, and indeed people grow weary of them, though they are often prettily written. We have had no news for me to send you now towards the end of my letter. The Queen has the gout a little ; I hoped the Lord-Treasurer would have had it too, but Radcliffe told me yesterday it was the rheumatism in his knee and foot ; however, he mends, and I hope will be abroad in a short time. I am told they design giving away several employments before the Parliament sits, which will be the thirteenth instant. I either do not like, or not understand this policy ; and if Lord-Treasurer does not mend soon, they must give them just before the sessions. But he is the greatest procrastinator in the world.

3. A fine day this, and I walked a pretty deal : I stuffed the Secretary's pockets with papers, which he must read and settle at Hampton Court, where he went to-day, and stays some time. They have no lodgings for me there, so I can't go, for the town is small, chargeable, and inconvenient. Lord-Treasurer had a very ill night last night, with much pain in his knee and foot, but is easier to-day.—And so I went to visit Prior about some business, and so he was not within, and so Sir Andrew Fountaine made me dine to-day again with Mrs. Van, and I came home soon, remembering this must go to-night, and that I had a letter of MD's to answer. O Lord, where is it ? let me see ; so, so, here it is. You grudge writing so soon. Pox on that bill ; the woman would have me manage that money for her. I do not know what to do with it now I have it : I am like the unprofitable steward in the Gospel : I laid it

up in a napkin ; there thou hast what is thine own, &c. Well, well, I know of your new mayor. (I'll tell you a pun ; a fishmonger owed a man two crowns ; so he sent him a piece of bad ling and a tench, and then said he was paid : how is that now ? find it out ; for I won't tell it you : which of you finds it out ?) Well, but as I was saying, what care I for your mayor ? I fancy Ford may tell Forbes right about my returning to Ireland before Christmas, or soon after. I'm sorry you did not go on with your story about Pray God you be John ; I never heard it in my life, and wonder what it can be.—Ah, Stella, faith you leaned upon your Bible to think what to say when you writ that. Yes, that story of the Secretary's making me an example is true ; “ never heard it before ” ; why how could you hear it ? is it possible to tell you the hundredth part of what passes in our companies here ? the Secretary is as easy with me as Mr. Addison was. I have often thought what a splutter Sir William Temple makes (made) about being Secretary of State ; I think Mr. St. John the greatest young man I ever knew ; wit, capacity, beauty, quickness of apprehension, good learning, and an excellent taste ; the best orator in the House of Commons, admirable conversation, good nature, and good manners ; generous, and a despiser of money. His only fault is talking to his friends in way of complaint of too great a load of business, which looks a little like affectation ; and he endeavours too much to mix the fine gentleman, and man of pleasure, with the man of business. What truth and sincerity he may have I know not : he is now but thirty-two, and has been Secretary above a year. Is not all this extraordinary ? how he stands with the Queen and Lord-Treasurer I have told you before. This is his character : and I believe you will be diverted by knowing it. I writ to the Archbishop of Dublin, Bishop of Cloyne and of Clogher together, five weeks ago from Windsor : I hope they had my letters ; pray know if Clogher had his.—Fig for your physician and his advice, Madam Dingley ; if I grow worse, I will ; otherwise I

will trust to temperance and exercise : your fall of the leaf ; what care I when the leaves fall ? I am sorry to see them fall with all my heart ; but why should I take physic because leaves fall off from trees ? that won't hinder them from falling. If a man falls from a horse, must I take physic for that ?—This arguing makes you mad ; but it is true right reason, not to be disproved.—I am glad at heart to hear poor Stella is better ; use exercise and walk, spend pattens and spare potions, wear out clogs and waste claret. Have you found out my pun of the fishmonger ? don't read a word more till you have got it. And Stella is handsome again you say ? and is she fat ? I have sent to Leigh the set of Examiners ; the first thirteen were written by several hands, some good, some bad ; the next three-and-thirty were all by one hand, that makes forty-six : then that author, whoever he was, laid it down on purpose to confound guessers ; and the last six were written by a woman. Then there is an account of Guiscard by the same woman, but the facts sent by Presto. Then an answer to the letter to the lords about Gregg by Presto ; Prior's Journey by Presto ; Vindication of the Duke of Marlborough entirely by the same woman ; Comment on Hare's Sermon by the same woman, only hints sent to the printer from Presto to give her. Then there's the Miscellany, an apron for Stella, a pound of chocolate, without sugar, for Stella, a fine snuff-rasp of ivory, given me by Mrs. St. John for Dingley, and a large roll of tobacco, which she must hide or cut shorter out of modesty, and four pairs of spectacles for the Lord knows who. There's the cargo, I hope it will come safe. O, Mrs. Masham and I are very well ; we write to one another, but it is upon business ; I believe I told you so before : pray pardon my forgetfulness in these cases : poor Presto can't help it. MD shall have the money as soon as Tooke gets it. And so I think I have answered all, and the paper is out, and now I have fetched up my week, and will send you another this day fortnight.—Why, you rogues, two crowns make *tench-ill*-

*ling* : you are so dull you could never have found it out.  
Farewell, &c. &c.

1711, Nov. 17. I put my last this evening in the post-office. I dined with Dr. Cockburn. This being Queen Elizabeth's birthday, we have the d — and all to do among us. I just heard of the stir as my letter was sealed this morning ; and was so cross I would not open it to tell you. I have been visiting Lady Oglethorpe and Lady Worsley ; the latter is lately come to town for the winter, and with child, and what care you ? This is Queen Elizabeth's birth-day, usually kept in this town by apprentices, &c. ; but the Whigs designed a mighty procession by midnight, and had laid out a thousand pounds to dress up the Pope, Devil, cardinals, Sacheverell, &c and carry them with torches about, and burn them. They did it by contribution. Garth gave five guineas ; Dr. Garth I mean, if ever you heard of him. But they were seized last night, by order from the Secretary ; you will have an account of it, for they bawl it about the streets already. They had some very foolish and mischievous designs ; and it was thought they would have put the rabble upon assaulting my Lord-Treasurer's house, and the Secretary's ; and other violences. The militia was raised to prevent it, and now, I suppose, all will be quiet. The figures are now at the Secretary's office at Whitehall. I design to see them if I can.

18. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary, who just came from Hampton Court. He was telling me more particulars about this business of burning the Pope. It cost a great deal of money, and had it gone on, would have cost three times as much : but the town is full of it, and half a dozen Grub Street papers already. The Secretary and I dined at Brigadier Britton's, but I left them at six, upon an appointment with some sober company of men and ladies, to drink punch at Sir Andrew Fountaine's. We were not very merry ; and I don't love rack punch, I love it better with brandy ; are

you of my opinion ? Why then, twelvepenny weather ; sirrahs, why don't you play at shuttlecock ? I have thought of it a hundred times ; faith Presto will come over after Christmas, and will play with Stella before the cold weather is gone. Do you read the Spectators ! I never do ; they never come in my way ; I go to no coffeehouses. They say abundance of them are very pretty ; they are going to be printed in small volumes ; I'll bring them over with me. I shall be out of my hurry in a week, and if Leigh be not gone over, I will send you by him what I am now finishing. I don't know where Leigh is ; I have not seen him this good while, though he promised to call : I shall send to him. The Queen comes to town on Thursday for good and all.

19. I was this morning at Lord Dartmouth's office, and sent out for him from the committee of council, about some business. I was asking him more concerning this bustle about the figures in wax-work of the Pope, and Devil, &c. He was not at leisure, or he would have seen them. I hear the owners are so impudent, that they design to replevin them by law. I am assured that the figure of the Devil is made as like Lord-Treasurer as they could. Why ; I dined with a friend in St. James's Street. Lord-Treasurer, I am told, was abroad to-day ; I will know to-morrow how he does after it. The Duke of Marlborough is come, and was yesterday at Hampton Court with the Queen ; no, it was 'tother day ; no it was yesterday ; for to-day I remember Mr. Secretary was going to see him, when I was there, not at the Duke of Marlborough's, but at the Secretary's ; the Duke is not so fond of me. What care I ? I won seven shillings to-night at picquet : I play twice a year or so.

20. I have been so teased with Whiggish discourse by Mrs. Barton and Lady Betty Germain, never saw the like. They turn all this affair of the Pope-burning into ridicule ; and, indeed, they have made too great a clutter about it, if they had no real reason to apprehend some tumults. I dined with Lady Betty. I hear Prior's

commission is passed to be ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary for the peace ; my lord Privy Seal, who you know is Bishop of Bristol, is the other ; and Lord Strafford, already ambassador at the Hague, the third : I am forced to tell you, ignorant sluts, who is who. I was punning scurvily with Sir Andrew Fountaine and Lord Pembroke this evening ; do you ever pun now ? Sometimes with the Dean, or Tom Leigh. Prior puns very well. Odso, I must go see his excellency, 'tis a noble advancement : but they could do no less, after sending him to France. Lord Strafford is as proud as Hell, and how he will bear one of Prior's mean birth on an equal character with him, I know not. And so I go to my business, and bid you good night.

21. I was this morning busy with my printer ; I gave him the fifth sheet, and then I went and dined with him in the city, to correct something, and alter, &c. and I walked home in the dusk, and the rain overtook me : and I found a letter here from Mr. Lewis ; well, and so I opened it ; and he says, the peace is past danger, &c. Well ; and so there was another letter enclosed in his ; well ; and so I looked on the outside of this t'other letter. Well ; and so who do you think this t'other letter was from ? Well ; and so I'll tell you, it was from little MD, N.23,23,23,23. I tell you it is no more, I have told you so before ; but I just looked again to satisfy you. Hie, Stella, you write like an emperor, a great deal together ; a very good hand, and but four false spellings in all. Shall I send them to you ? I am glad you did not take my correction ill. Well, but I won't answer your letter now, sirrah saucy boxes, no, no ; not yet ; just a month and three days from the last, which is just five weeks : you see it comes just when I begin to grumble.

22 (*Morning*). Tooke has just brought me Dingley's money. I will give you a note for it at the end of this letter. There was half-a-crown for entering the letter of attorney : but I swore to stop that. I'll spend your money bravely here. Morrow, dear sirrahs.

(*At night.*) I dined to-day with Sir Thomas Hanmer ; his wife, the Duchess of Grafton, dined with us : she wears a great high head-dress, such as was in fashion fifteen years ago, and looks like a mad woman in it ; yet she has great remains of beauty. I was this evening to see Lord Harley, and thought to have sat with Lord-Treasurer, but he was taken up with the Dutch envoy and such folks ; and I would not stay. One particular in life here, different from what I have in Dublin, is, that whenever I come home I expect to find some letter for me, and seldom miss ; and never any worth a farthing, but often to vex me. The Queen does not come to town till Saturday. Prior is not yet declared ; but these ministers being at Hampton Court, I know nothing ; and if I write news from common hands, it is always lies. You will think it affectation ; but nothing has vexed me more for some months past, than people I never saw pretending to be acquainted with me, and yet speak ill of me too ; at least some of them. An old crooked Scotch countess, whom I never heard of in my life, told the Duchess of Hamilton t'other day, that I often visited her. People of worth never do that ; so that a man only gets the scandal of having scurvy acquaintance. Three ladies were railing against me some time ago, and said they were very well acquainted with me ; two of which I had never heard of ; and the third I had only seen twice where I happened to visit. A man who has once seen me in a coffeehouse will ask me how I do, when he sees me talking at court with a minister of state ; who is sure to ask me, how I came acquainted with that scoundrel. But come, sirrahs, this is all stuff to you, so I'll say no more on this side the paper, but turn over.

23. My printer invited Mr. Lewis and me to dine at a tavern to-day, which I have not done five times since I came to England ; I never will call it Britain, pray don't call it Britain. My week is not out, and one side of this paper is out, and I have a letter to answer of MD's into the bargain : must I write on the

third side ? faith that will give you an ill habit. I saw Leigh last night ; he gives a terrible account of Sterne ; he reckons he is seduced by some wench ; he is over head and ears in debt, and has pawned several things. Leigh says he goes on Monday next for Ireland, but believes Sterne will not go with him ; Sterne has kept him these three months. Leigh has got the apron and things, and promises to call for the box at Chester ; but I despair of it. Good night, sirrahs ; I have been late abroad.

24. I have finished my pamphlet to-day, which has cost me so much time and trouble ; it will be published in three or four days, when the Parliament begins sitting. I suppose the Queen is come to town, but know nothing, having been in the city finishing and correcting with the printer. When I came home, I found letters on my table as usual, and one from your mother, to tell me, that you desire your writings and a picture should be sent to me, to be sent over to you. I have just answered her letter, and promised to take care of them if they be sent to me. She is at Farnham : it is too late to send them by Leigh ; besides, I will wait your orders, Madam Stella. I am going to finish a letter to Lord-Treasurer about reforming our language ; but first I must put an end to a ballad ; and go you to your cards, sirrahs, this is card season.

25. I was early with the Secretary to-day, but he was gone to his devotions, and to receive the sacrament ; several rakes did the same ; it was not for piety, but employments ; according to act of parliament. I dined with Lady Mary Dudley ; and passed my time since insipidly, only I was at court at noon, and saw fifty acquaintance I had not met this long time : that is the advantage of a court, and I fancy I am better known than any man that goes there. Sir John Walters' quarrel with me has entertained the town ever since ; and yet we never had a word, only he railed at me behind my back. The Parliament is again to be prorogued for eight or nine days ; for the Whigs are too strong in the



House of Lords : \*other reasons are pretended, but that is the truth. The prorogation is not yet known, but will be to-morrow.

26. Mr. Lewis and I dined with a friend of his, and unexpectedly there dined with us an Irish knight, one Sir John St. Leger, who follows the law here, but at a great distance : he was so pert, I was forced to take him down more than once. I saw to-day the Pope, and Devil, and the other figures of cardinals, &c. fifteen in all, which have made such a noise. I have put an under-strapper upon writing a twopenny pamphlet to give an account of the whole design. My large pamphlet will be published to-morrow ; copies are sent to the great men this night. Domville is come home from his travels ; I am vexed at it : I have not seen him yet ; I design to present him to all the great men.

27. Domville came to me this morning, and we dined at Pontack's, and were all day together, till six this evening ; he is perfectly as fine a gentleman as I know ; he set me down at Lord-Treasurer's, with whom I stayed about an hour, till Monsieur Buys, the Dutch envoy, came to him about business. My Lord-Treasurer is pretty well ; but stiff in the hips with the remains of the rheumatism. I am to bring Domville to my Lord Harley in a day or two. It was the dirtiest rainy day that ever I saw. The pamphlet is published ; Lord-Treasurer had it by him on the table, and was asking me about the mottoes in the title-page ; he gave me one of them himself. I must send you the pamphlet, if I can.

28. Mrs. Van sent to me to dine with her to-day, because some ladies of my acquaintance were to be there ; and there I dined. I was this morning to return Domville his visit, and went to visit Mrs. Masham, who was not within. I am turned out of my lodging by my landlady : it seems her husband and her son are coming home ; but I have taken another lodging hard by, in Leicester Fields. I presented Mr. Domville to Mr. Lewis and Mr. Prior this morning. Prior and I are called the two Sosias, in a Whig newspaper. Sosias, can you read

it ? The pamphlet begins to make a noise ; I was asked by several whether I had seen it, and they advised me to read it, for it was something very extraordinary. I shall be suspected ; and it will have several paltry answers. It must take its fate, as Savage said of his sermon that he preached at Farnham on Sir William Temple's death. Domville saw Savage in Italy, and says he is a coxcomb, and half mad : he goes in red, and with yellow waistcoats, and was at ceremony kneeling to the Pope on a Palm Sunday, which is much more than kissing his toe ; and I believe it will ruin him here when 'tis told. I'll answer your letter in my new lodgings : I have hardly room ; I must borrow from the other side.

29. New lodgings. My printer came this morning to tell me he must immediately print a second edition, and Lord-Treasurer made one or two small additions : they must work day and night to have it out on Saturday ; they sold a thousand in two days. Our Society met to-day, nine of us were present, we dined at our brother Bathurst's ; we made several regulations, and have chosen three new members, Lord Orrery, Jack Hill, who is Mrs. Masham's brother, he that lately miscarried in the expedition to Quebec, and one Colonel Disney.— We have taken a room in a house near St. James's to meet in. I left them early about correcting the pamphlet, &c. and am now got home, &c.

30. This morning I carried Domville to see my Lord Harley, and I did some business with Lord-Treasurer, and have been all this afternoon with the printer, adding something to the second edition. I dined with the printer ; the pamphlet makes a world of noise, and will do a great deal of good : it tells abundance of most important facts which were not at all known. I'll answer your letter to-morrow morning ; or suppose I answer it just now, though it is pretty late. Come then. —You say you are busy with Parliaments, &c. ; that's more than ever I will be when I come back ; but you will have none these two years. Lord Santry, &c. yes,

I have had enough on't. I am glad Dilly is mended ; does not he thank me for showing him the court and the great people's faces ? He had his glass out at the Queen and the rest. 'Tis right what Dilly says ; I depend upon nothing from my friends, but to go back as I came. Never fear Laracor, 'twill mend with a peace, or surely they'll give me the Dublin parish. Stella is in the right ; the Bishop of Ossory is the silliest, best-natured wretch breathing, of as little consequence as an egg-shell. Well, the spelling I have mentioned before ; only the next time say *at least*, and not *at lest*. Pox on your Newbury : what can I do for him ? I'll give his case (I am glad it is not a woman's) to what members I know ; that's all I can do. Lord-Treasurer's lameness goes off daily. Pray God preserve poor good Mrs. Stoyte, she would be a great loss to us all ; pray give her my service, and tell her she has my heartiest prayers. I pity poor Mrs. Manley ; but I think the child is happy to die, considering how little provision it would have had.—Poh, every pamphlet abuses me, and for things that I never writ. Joe should have written me thanks for his two hundred pounds : I reckon he got it by my means ; and I must thank the Duke of Ormond, who I dare swear will say he did it on my account. Are they golden pippins, those seven apples ? We have had much rain every day as well as you. £7.17s.8d. old blunderer, not 18s. : I have reckoned it eighteen times. Hawkshaw's eight pounds is not reckoned : and if it be secure, it may lie where it is, unless they desire to pay it : so Parvisol may let it drop till farther orders, for I have put Mrs. Wesley's money into the bank, and will pay her with Hawkshaw's.—I mean that Hawkshaw's money goes for an addition to MD, you know ; but be good housewives. Bernage never comes now to see me ; he has no more to ask ; but I hear he has been ill.—A pox on Mrs. South's affair ; I can do nothing in it, but by way of assisting any body else that solicits it, by dropping a favourable word, if it comes in my way. Tell Walls I do no more for any body with my Lord-

Treasurer, especially a thing of this kind. Tell him I have spent all my discretion, and have no more to use.— And so I have answered your letter fully and plainly.—And so I have got to the third side of my paper, which is more than belongs to you, young women. It goes to-morrow, To nobody's sorrow. You are silly, not I ; I'm a poet, if I had but, &c.—Who's silly now ? rogues and lasses, tinderboxes and buzzards. O Lord, I am in a high vein of silliness ; methought I was speaking to dearest little MD face to face. There ; so lads, enough for to-night ; to cards with the blackguards. Good-night, my delight, &c.

*Dec. 1.* Pish, sirrahs, put a date always at the bottom of your letter, as well as the top, that I may know when you send it ; your last is of November 3, yet I had others at the same time, written a fortnight after. Whenever you would have any money, send me word three weeks before, and in that time you will certainly have an answer, with a bill on Parvisol : pray do this ; for my head is full, and it will ease my memory. Why, I think I quoted to you some of ——'s letter, so you may imagine how witty the rest was ; for it was all of a bunch, as Goodman Peesley says. Pray let us have no more *bussiness*, but *busyness* : the deuce take me if I know how to spell it ; your wrong spelling, Madam Stella, has put me out : it does not look right ; let me see, *bussiness*, *busyness*, *business*, *bisyness*, *bisness*, *bysness* ; faith, I know not which is right, I think the second ; I believe I never writ the word in my life before ; yes, sure I must though ; *business*, *busyness*, *bisyness*.—I have perplexed myself, and can't do it. Prithee ask Walls. *Business*, I fancy that's right. Yes it is ; I looked in my own pamphlet, and found it twice in ten lines, to convince you that I never writ it before. O, now I see it as plain as can be ; so yours is only an *s* too much. The Parliament will certainly meet on Friday next ; the Whigs will have a great majority in the House of Lords, no care is taken to prevent it ; there is too much neglect ; they are warned of it, and that signifies nothing :

it was feared there would be some peevish address from the Lords against a peace. 'Tis said about the town, that several of the allies begin now to be content that a peace should be treated. This is all the news I have. The Queen is pretty well ; and so now I bid poor dearest MD farewell till to-night, then I will talk with them again.

The fifteen images that I saw were not worth forty pounds, so I stretched a little when I said a thousand. The Grub Street account of that tumult is published. The devil is not like Lord-Treasurer : they were all in your odd antic masks, bought in common shops. I fear Prior will not be one of the plenipotentiaries.

I was looking over this letter, and find I make many mistakes of leaving out words ; so 'tis impossible to find my meaning, unless you be conjurors. I will take more care for the future, and read over every day just what I have written that day, which will take up no time to speak of.

## MARY, COUNTESS COWPER

“The perpetual lies that one hears have determined me, in spite of my want of leisure to write down all the events that are worth remembering while I am at court.” Thus Lady Cowper begins her diary. She was the wife of the Lord Chancellor of the day, and from 1714 Lady of the Bedchamber to the then Princess of Wales, Caroline of Anspach. The virtues of the Princess did not serve to purify her court from petty quarrels, intrigue and scandal, and what remains of her diary, covering the years 1712 to 1716, gives a vivid picture of what life at the court was like.

*1714, Nov. 8.* I brought the Princess a Book that Madame Kielmansegge had sent me to give her, and after presenting it I understood by Mrs. Howard that there was a mortal hatred between them, and that the Princess thought her a wicked woman. She also told me that her sending it to me was a design to persuade the Princess that she was very well with me in order to ruin my credit with her; “For,” added she, “If it had not been so, she would have sent it either by the Duchess of Bolton or Shrewsbury, that are so well with her; but she never stuck a pin into her gown without a design.” Piloti told me that she was the daughter of the old Countess of Platen, who was mistress to the King’s father, and had caused the separation.<sup>1</sup>

This day the Duchess of St. Albans made Groom of the State, and Duchess of Shrewsbury made a Lady in Ordinary, as we are all. My Birthday. Pray God grant that the rest of my life may be passed according to His Will and in His service.

15. I came into waiting. I was ill when I came in, and continued so the whole week. The Princess told me she had seen the Treatise on the State of Parties, already mentioned, and complimented me mightily upon

<sup>1</sup> Between George I and his wife Sophia Dorothea of Zell.

it. In the evening I played at basset as low as I could, which they rallied me for ; but I told my mistress I played out of duty, not inclination, and having four children, nobody would think ill of me if for their sakes I desired to save my money, when I did not do anything that was mean, dishonest or dishonourable ; for which she commended me, and said she thought the principal duty of a woman was to take care of her children.

*1716, February 12.* The news holds good that the Pretender and Lord Mar are gone, that my Lord Drummond went after them to the vessel, on board which they were, in an open boat. The vessel is of St. Malo's of ten guns. Lord Tinmouth was left behind by mistake. Earl Marischal all this while of theirs getting off was mounting guard at the headquarters and knew nothing of the matter. The Squirrel is in pursuit of this vessel and is a good sailer.

13. Stayed at home with my Lord, who is very ill. I was to dine at Baron Bernstorff's, but excused myself. The ladies that were there came here in the afternoon. Mademoisell Schutz is a very unreasonable body, and would take no hints that I wished to be alone, but took a pleasure in staying, because I was uneasy at it.

14. The news was confirmed yesterday. The Pretender is gone. My Lord is so ill that he has a mind to quit office. I have made a resolution never to press him more to keep his place. I had a letter from Mademoisell Schutz to offer to come to stay with me all day. I thank her for nothing. I had too much of her impertinence last night.

15. My Lord mightily ill, and still had a mind to quit office. I told him that I would never oppose anything that he had a mind to do ; and after arguing calmly upon the matter, I offered him if it would be any pleasure done him, to retire with him into the country, and quit too, and, what was more, never to repine at doing so, though it was the greatest sacrifice that could be made him. I believe he will accept.

## JOHN PERCIVAL, EARL OF EGMONT

1683-1748

PERCIVAL was already past middle age when he began his diary in 1730. All his life he was occupied with public affairs. He sat in Parliament enjoying the friendship of Walpole and the favour of Queen Caroline. Possessed as he was of an amazing memory, his record of Parliamentary debates, of committee business and of conversations with eminent persons in various walks of life, make his pages a valuable quarry for the historian. His daily entries are long and detailed. They deal for the most part with the important matters with which he was engaged, but interests of a more personal nature are not excluded.

*1732, Dec. 21 (Thursday).* Went to Sir Robert Walpole's levée and visited cousin Le Grand, Horace Walpole and Frank Clerke, who told me that to-morrow he buys a house in New Bond Street, which when he dies he designs to leave me, which he mentions with great expressions of kindness and gratitude for my former friendships to him.

I then went to the King's levée, and then to the Prince's, to thank him for getting Mr. Dod excused for serving this year as Sheriff of Cheshire. He was very gracious, and repeated that he should be always willing to serve me, but that I had got this favour for a Jacobite, who must therefore not expect to be again excused. I replied I never heard he was a Jacobite, and if I had known it should not have asked for him ; and it was possible he might be represented worse than he is, nothing being so common in cases where men are desirous to cast the trouble of sheriff upon others. He said it might be so. I then went to the Queen's side, who talked most of the time to the Spanish Ambassador, and called me up to join in the conversation, which was an obliging distinction.



I dined at brother Percival's with Dr. Courage, and then went to the Georgia Board, where were present Lord Carpenter, Mr. Heathcot, Towers, La Roche, Hales, Vernon, Holland, Digby, Hucks and myself, in all 10 Common Council, and Mr. Smith and Captain Coram Trustees. The last minutes were read, and some benefactions reported, and then Mr. Vernon presented a letter from Mr. Page, an eminent clergyman and Justice of Peace in Suffolk, recommending Mr. Quincy to go chaplain or minister to our colony at Georgia. The character he gave him was unexceptionable. He called Mr. Quincy in, who is a young man of modest appearance and told us he was educated at the College in New England, from whence he came to London and carried on his studies in the Dissenters' academics, after which he went to Cambridge, that then he returned to London, and for three years was an Independent preacher, and afterwards preached to the Presbyterians. That then he conformed to our Church, and had been ordained by the Bishop of London. He has a wife and one child.

We desired him to withdraw, and I proposed that seeing we intended to apply to the Society for Propagating the Gospel in foreign parts for a salary to the minister we should send, it would be proper to acquaint them with the good recommendation given of this gentleman, and to have their approbation of the person, though no hand in the appointment of him, that being entirely in us, and as it is possible many of that society may be acquainted with him or his character, we should go upon safer grounds in sending him. The Board approved it, and Mr. Vernon undertook to apply to them being one of that Society ; and he added that he doubted not the Bishop of London would himself give him a character. Then extracts of letters from a foreign minister concerned for the Saltsburg Protestants were read ; wherein he desires we would deliver proposals on what foot we will send any of those poor people to Georgia.

We thought it a nice point, because the persons in question, being as yet subjects to the Bishop of Saltsburg, having not quitted his country, it was not proper to tempt them away, but I proposed that Mr. Vernon and Mr. Towers might draw up proposals to be reported to us for our approbation, and then sent to Frankfort or Augsburg to remain private in the hands of his Majesty's minister, and not divulged till a new set of emigrants shall leave this country, because when banished, there can be no offence taken by their Prince at our inviting them to Georgia. In the course of our debate, we all agreed that if we send any they shall be so mingled with English men as in time to become one people with us.

This passed in the Trustee Board, Mr. Hales in the chair. After which Mr. Digby took the chair and signed grants of lands to Mr. Lacy and four more who design to set up the silk manufacture, and carry each four servants, who at the end of their service will have 50 acres each, and the gentlemen have each 400.

Then we agreed with Mr. Penkerton, an ensign on half-pay, to give him 300 acres, and to his three servants 25 each, when out of their time. We considered that grants of larger quantities of land than men can cultivate is a weakening of the colony, and therefore though in the beginning we were obliged to give great encouragement to men to go, yet now 'tis time to be more frugal of our grants. We broke up half an hour after nine.

*1733, January 1 (Monday).* This week a labourers' wife in the neighbouring parish of Plumstead dreamt that in her hog sty she should find in digging a pot of money buried. In the morning she desired her husband to clear the sty and search, which he refused, whereupon she took her spade and fell to work and according found a good quantity of King Charles the Second's silver coin, with which she went immediately and paid her debts. It happened that a neighbour over a hedge saw her, whereupon she went to a lawyer to know if she were

not entitled to the half, by which means the matter came to the ears of Mr. Mitchel, lord of the manor, a rich gentleman at Richmond who sent a constable and others to demand the money. The woman said she had paid it away, but if he pleased she would give him the receipts. The story was told by the constable to Mr. Chamberlayn, our curate, who related it at my table yesterday.

## JOHN WESLEY

1703-1791

JOHN WESLEY was a most conscientious diary-keeper. Every day he jotted down the day's doings in minute detail, employing a system of abbreviations, a perplexing cipher and an old-fashioned shorthand, which make interpretation difficult. From those diaries, however, he himself compiled a journal, the standard edition of which is that edited in eight volumes by Nehemiah Curnock in 1909. The story of his life as member of the Holy Club in Oxford, as missionary to Georgia, as religious reformer in England and founder of Methodism, is too well known to need even an outline here. His journal is of profound interest, especially to Methodists, as the record of a life of amazing devotion and never-ceasing labour. Of the extracts which follow two are from the Journal which he kept in Georgia ; the third gives his own account of his "conversion" ; the others illustrate his un-resting activity in England.

*1737, March 24 (Thur.)* About nine in the morning a fire broke out in the house of Mr. Robert Hows, which in less than an hour consumed it. The next day a collection was made for him in the town, and the generality of the people showed a surprising willingness to give a little out of their little for the relief of a necessity greater than their own.

About this time Mr. Lacy, of Thunderbolt, called upon me ; when, observing him to be in a deep sadness, I asked what was the reason of it. And a terrible one indeed he gave, in the relation following :

In 1733 David Jones, a saddler, a middle-aged man, who had for some time before lived at Nottingham, being at Bristol, met a person there, who, after giving him some account of Georgia, asked whether he would go thither ; adding, his trade, that of a saddler, was an exceeding good trade there, upon which he might live

creditably and comfortably. He objected his want of money to pay his passage and buy some tools, which he should have need of. The Gentleman (Capt. W.) told him he would supply him with that, and hire him a shop when he came to Georgia, wherein he might follow his business, and so repay him as it suited his convenience. Accordingly to Georgia they went ; where, soon after his arrival, his master, as he now styled himself, sold him to Mr. Lacy, who set him to work with the rest of his servants in clearing land. He commonly appeared much more thoughtful than the rest, often stealing into the woods alone. He was now sent to do some work on an island three or four miles from Mr. Lacy's great plantation. Thence he desired the other servants to return without him, saying he would stay and kill a deer. This was on Saturday. On Monday they found him on the shore, with his gun by him, and the fore part of his head shot to pieces. In his pocket was a paper book ; all the leaves thereof were fair, except one, on which ten or twelve verses were written, two of which were these, which I transcribed thence from his own handwriting :

Death could not a more sad retinue find ;  
Sickness and pain before, and darkness all behind !

*April 3 (Sun.).* This and every day in this great and holy week we had a sermon and the Holy Communion.

*4 (Mon.).* I began learning Spanish, in order to converse with my Jewish parishioners ; some of whom seem nearer the mind that was in Christ than many of those who call Him Lord.

*12 (Tues.).* Being determined, if possible, to put a stop to the proceedings of one in Carolina, who had married several of my parishioners without either banns or licence, and declared he would do so still, I set out in a sloop for Charlestown. I landed there on Thursday, and related the case to Mr. Garden, the Bishop of London's Commissary, who assured me he would take care no such irregularity should be committed for the future.

*17 (Sun.).* Mr. Garden, to whom I must ever

acknowledge myself indebted for many kind and generous offices, desiring me to preach, I did so, on these words of the Epistle for the day : " Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world, and this is the victory which overcometh the world, even our faith." To that plain account of the Christian state which these words naturally led me to give, a man of education and character seriously objected, what is indeed a great truth, " Why, if this be Christianity, a Christian man must have more courage than Alexander the Great."

19 (*Tues.*). We left Charlestown ; but meeting with stormy and contrary winds, after losing our anchor and beating out at sea all night, on *Thursday*, the 21st, we with some difficulty got back into Charlestown harbour.

22 (*Fri.*). It being the time of their annual Visitation, I had the pleasure of meeting at Mr. Garden's the clergy of South Carolina ; among whom in the afternoon there was such a conversation for several hours, on Christ our Righteousness and our example, with such seriousness and closeness as I never heard in England in all the visitations I have been present at.

1737, Dec. 2 (*Fri.*). I proposed to set out for Port Royal, Carolina, about noon, the tide then serving. But about ten the magistrates sent for me, and told me I must not go out of the province ; for I had not answered the allegations laid against me. I replied, " I have appeared at six or seven Courts successively in order to answer them. But I was not suffered so to do, when I desired it time after time." Then they said, however, I must not go, unless I would give security to answer those allegations at their Court. I asked, " What security ? " After consulting together about two hours, the Recorder showed me a kind of bond, engaging me, under a penalty of fifty pounds, to appear at their Court when I should be required. He added, " But Mr. Williamson, too, has desired of us, that you should give bail to answer his action." I then told him plainly, " Sir, you use me very ill, and so you do the Trustees. I will give neither

any bond nor any bail at all. You know your business, and I know mine."

In the afternoon the magistrates published an order, requiring all the officers and sentinels to prevent my going out of the province, and forbidding any person to assist me so to do. Being now only a prisoner at large, in a place where I knew by experience every day would give fresh opportunity to procure evidence of words I never said, and actions I never did, I saw clearly the hour was come for me to fly for my life, leaving this place ; and as soon as evening prayers were over, about eight o'clock, the tide then serving, I shook off the dust of my feet, and left Georgia, after having preached the Gospel there with much weakness indeed and many infirmities, not as I ought, but as I was able, one year and nearly nine months.

During this time I had frequent opportunities of making many observations and inquiries concerning the real state of this province which has been so variously represented, the English settlements therein, and the Indians that have intercourse with them. These I minuted down from time to time.

3 (*Sat.*). We came to Purrysburg early in the morning. Here I endeavoured to procure a guide to Port Royal, whither we hoped to walk before evening. But none being to be had, we set out, with the best directions we could procure, an hour before sunrise. In half an hour we lost the path ; an hour after, we came to a plantation, where a lad, undertaking to guide us for a mile and a half, led us just so much out of the way, and then delivered us to an old Frenchman, by whom we were bought into a little blind-path, running along a line of blazed trees, which he said would lead us directly to Port Royal. In this we walked, being four in all, two of whom intended to go for England with me, and the other to settle in Carolina. About eleven we came into a large swamp, without path or blaze, where we wandered up and down near three hours. About two we got out, found a blaze, and traced it till it divided

into two ; one of which we followed through an almost impassable thicket, the briars of which dealt but roughly both with our clothes and skin, till we came to the end of the blaze. We then prayed to God to direct us, and forced our way through the thicket once more, searched out the other blaze, and traced that till it came to an end too.

It now grew towards sunset ; so we sat us down on the ground, faint and weary enough. Indeed, had the day continued we could not have gone much farther, having had no sustenance since five in the morning, except a cake of gingerbread. A third part of this we had divided among us for dinner, another third we took for our supper, and the rest we reserved for the next day. Our worst want was that of water, having met with none all day. I thrust a cane we had into the ground, and, drawing it out, found the end moist. Upon which two of our company fell to digging with their hands, and at about three feet depth found good water. We thanked God, drank and were much refreshed. The night was sharp. However, there was no complaining. But after we had commended ourselves to God, we lay down close together, and I at least slept till morning.

4 (*Sun.*). God renewed our strength so that we rose neither faint nor hungry, and having committed ourselves to His protection, and drank each of us a draught of water, set forward for Port Royal. We steered by the sun, as near as we could, east. But finding neither path nor blaze, and the woods growing thicker and thicker, we judged, after an hour or two's trial, it was our best course to return, if we could, by the way we came. The day before I had broke, though I knew no reason why, many young trees almost all the way we went. These we found a great help in many places, where neither blaze nor path was to be seen. At twelve we ate the remainder of our cake, and, meeting some moist ground, dug as before and found water. Between one and two God brought us safe to Benjamin Arieu's house, the old man whom we had left the day before.



In the evening I read French prayers to a numerous family a mile from Arieu's ; one of whom undertook to guide us to Port Royal, which he said was between forty and fifty miles off. In the morning we set out, but took care to carry a good loaf of bread with us. About sunset we asked our guide if he knew where he was, who frankly answered, "No." However, we pushed on, sometimes in a path, and sometimes out, till about seven we came to a plantation, which indeed was many miles off that we designed to go to. But here we got good potatoes and a lodging ; by the next evening, after many difficulties and delays, we landed on Port Royal Island.

7 (*Wed.*). We walked to Beaufort, on the other side of Port Royal Island. Here we met with many of our old neighbours of Savannah, who appeared heartily glad to see us. Our interview much resembled that of persons who, having by different ways escaped out of a common shipwreck, naturally relate to each other the fears and dangers they have gone through, and the means of their deliverance from them.

Both this and the following day the gentleman, Mr. Jones, the minister of Beaufort, who invited me to his house gave me a lively idea of the old English hospitality.

8 (*Thur.*). Mr. Delamotte came, with whom on *Friday* the 9th I set out for Charlestown by water.

13 (*Tues.*). Early we came to Charlestown, where I expected trials of a quite different nature, and far more dangerous ; contempt and hunger being easy to be borne : but who can bear respect and fulness of bread ?

14 (*Wed.*). Being desired to read prayers, I was much refreshed by those glorious promises which were exhibited to us both in the seventy-second Psalm and in the First Lesson, the fortieth chapter of Isaiah.

In the afternoon, visiting a poor man who in all probability had not many days to live, we found him full of the freshest advices, domestic and foreign, and busy in settling the affairs of Muscovy and Persia, of the Czarina, Prince Thamas, and the Ottoman Porte. Surely the notion of the Platonists is right :

Quae cura nitentes

Pascere equos, eadem sequitur, tellure repostos.

For if a soul quivering on the verge of life has still leisure to amuse itself with battles and sieges, why may not the same dreams continue, even in the sleep of death?

16 (*Fri.*). I parted from the last of those friends who came with me into America, Mr. Charles Delamotte, from whom I had been but a few days separate since October 14, 1735.

18 (*Sun.*). I was seized with a violent flux, which I felt came not before I wanted it. Yet I had strength enough given to preach once more to this careless people; and a few "believed our report."

22 (*Thur.*). I took my leave of America, though, if it please God, not for ever, going on board the *Samuel*, Captain Percy, with a young gentleman who had been a few months in Carolina, one of my parishioners of Savannah, and a Frenchman, late of Purrysburg, who was escaped thence with the skin of his teeth.

1738, May 9. All the time I was at Savannah I was thus beating the air. Being ignorant of the righteousness of Christ, which, by a living faith in Him, bringeth salvation "to every one that believeth," I sought to establish my own righteousness; and so laboured in the fire all my days. I was now properly "Under the law," I knew that "the law" of God was "spiritual; I consented to it that it was good." Yea, "I delighted in it, after the inner man." Yet was I "carnal, sold under sin." Every day was I constrained to cry out, "What I do, I allow not: for what I would, I do not; but what I hate, that I do. To will is" indeed "present with me: but how to perform that which is good, I find not. For the good which I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do. I find a law, that when I would do good, evil is present with me:" even "the law in my members, warring against the law of my mind," and still "bringing me into captivity to the law of sin."

10. In this vile, abject state of bondage to sin, I was indeed fighting continually, but not conquering. Before, I had willingly served sin : now it was unwillingly ; but still I served it. I fell, and rose, and fell again. Sometimes I was overcome, and in heaviness : sometimes I overcame, and was in joy. For as in the former state I had some foretastes of the terrors of the law ; so had I in this, of the comforts of the gospel. During this whole struggle between nature and grace, which had now continued above ten years, I had many remarkable returns to prayer, especially when I was in trouble ; I had many sensible comforts, which are indeed no other than short anticipations of the life of faith. But I was still “under the law,” not “under grace,” the state most who are called Christians are content to live and die in ; for I was only striving with, not freed from, sin. Neither had I the witness of the Spirit with my spirit, and indeed could not ; for I “Sought it not by faith, but as it were by the works of the law.”

11. In my return to England, January 1738, being in imminent danger of death, and very uneasy on that account, I was strongly convinced that the cause of that uneasiness was unbelief ; and that the gaining a true, living faith was the “one thing needful” for me. But still I fixed not this faith on its right object : I meant only faith in God, not faith in or through Christ. Again, I knew not that I was wholly void of this faith ; but only thought I had not enough of it. So that when Peter Böhler, whom God prepared for me as soon as I came to London, affirmed of true faith in Christ, which is but one, that it had those two fruits inseparably attending it, “dominion over sin and constant peace from a sense of forgiveness,” I was quite amazed, and looked upon it as a new gospel. If this was so, it was clear I had not faith. But I was not willing to be convinced of this. Therefore I disputed with all my might, and laboured to prove that faith might be where these were not : for all the scriptures relating to this I had

been long since taught to construe away ; and to call all Presbyterians who spoke otherwise. Besides, I well saw no one could, in the nature of things, have such a sense of forgiveness, and not *feel* it. But I felt it not. If, then, there was no faith without this, all my pretensions to faith dropped at once.

12. When I met Peter Böhler again, he consented to put the dispute upon the issue which I desired, namely, Scripture, and experience. I first consulted the Scripture. But when I set aside the glosses of men, and simply considered the words of God, comparing them together, endeavouring to illustrate the obscure by the plainer passages, I found they all made against me, and was forced to retreat to my last hold, “ that experience would never agree with the *literal interpretation* of those scriptures. Nor could I therefore allow it to be true, till I found some living witnesses of it.” He replied, he could show me such at any time ; if I desired it, the next day. And accordingly the next day he came again with three others, all of whom testified, of their own personal experience, that a true living faith in Christ is inseparable from a sense of pardon for all past and freedom from all present sins. They added with one mouth that this faith was the gift, the free gift of God ; and that He would surely bestow it upon every soul who earnestly and perseveringly sought it. I was now thoroughly convinced ; and, by the grace of God, I resolved to seek it unto the end, (1) By absolutely renouncing all dependence, in whole or in part, upon *my own* works or righteousness; on which I had really grounded my hope of salvation, though I knew it not, from my youth up ; (2) by adding to the constant use of all the other means of grace, continual prayer for this very thing, justifying, saving faith, a full reliance on the blood of Christ shed for *me* ; a trust in Him, as *my* Christ, as *my* sole justification, sanctification, and redemption.

13. I continued thus to seek it though with strange indifference, dullness, and coldness, and unusually frequent relapses into sin, till *Wednesday, May 24*. I think

it was about five this morning, that I opened my Testament on those words, "There are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, even that ye should be partakers of the divine nature" (2 Pet. i. 4). Just as I went out, I opened it again on those words, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." In the afternoon I was asked to go to St. Paul's. The anthem was, "Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord : Lord hear my voice. O let Thine ears consider well the voice of my complaint. If Thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, who may abide it ? For there is mercy with Thee ; therefore shalt Thou be feared. O Israel, trust in the Lord : for with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him is plenteous redemption. And He shall redeem Israel from all his sins."

14. In the evening I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate Street, where one was reading Luther's preface to the *Epistle to the Romans*. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone for salvation ; and an assurance was given me that He had taken away *my* sins, even *mine*, and saved *me* from the law of sin and death.

15. I began to pray with all my might for those who had in a more especial manner spitefully used me and persecuted me. I then testified openly to all there what I now first felt in my heart. But it was not long before the enemy suggested, "This cannot be faith ; for where is thy joy ?" Then was I taught that peace and victory over sin are essential to faith in the Captain of our salvation ; but that, as to the transports of joy that usually attend the beginning of it, especially in those who have mourned deeply, God sometimes giveth, sometimes withholdeth them, according to the counsels of His own will.

16. After my return home, I was much buffeted with temptations ; but cried out, and they fled away. They returned again and again—I as often lifted up my eyes,

and He “sent me help from His holy place.” And herein I found the difference between this and my former state chiefly consisted. I was striving, yea, fighting with all my might under the law, as well as under grace. But then I was sometimes, if not often, conquered ; now, I was always conqueror.

*1753, Aug. 28 (Tues.).* I reached Cardiff. Finding I had all here to begin anew, I set out as at first, by preaching in the Castle Yard on “Lord, are there few that be saved ?” I afterwards met what was once a society, and in the morning spoke severally to a few who were still desirous to join together, and build up, not devour, one another.

I preached in the evening at Fonmon, and on *Thursday* the 30th spake to many at Cardiff who were resolved to set out once more in the Bible-Way and strengthen each other’s hands in God.

*31 (Fri.).* We had a pleasant ride and a ready passage ; so that we reached Bristol in the afternoon. I preached in the evening over the remains of Mary Henley, a good soldier of Jesus Christ, who died rejoicing in His love the same day I set out for Cardiff.

*Sept. 3 (Mon.).* I began visiting the little societies in Somersetshire and Wiltshire. This evening I preached at Shepton Mallet, and found much life among the poor plain people. It was not so at Oakhill the next day, where many once alive have drawn back to perdition. But at Coleford, in the evening, I found many living souls, though joined with some who did not adorn the gospel.

*5 (Wed.).* I rode over to Kingswood, a little town near Wotton-under-Edge. Some weeks since W—— S—— was invited to preach at Wotton ; which he did once, in great peace. But the next time he went the mob was so turbulent that he could not finish his sermon, upon which one desired him to come to Kingswood ; which he did, and many people heard him gladly. Soon after I came in, a multitude of people was gathered from

all parts. A large congregation was there at five in the morning, and a larger than ever in the evening. The next morning I accepted of Mr. Baylis's offer, and after reading prayers, preached at the church. All the people expressed huge good-will, but none appeared to be deeply affected.

At half an hour after twelve I preached in the street at Wickwar, about four miles from Kingswood, where there was a small society for some years, many of whom can rejoice in God. The rest of the audience gave a civil attention, and seemed little pleased or displeased at the matter.

10 (*Mon.*). I preached to condemned malefactors in Newgate, but I could make little impression upon them. I then took horse for Paulton, where I called on Stephen Plummer, one of our society, but now a zealous Quaker. He was much pleased with my calling, and came to hear me preach. Being straitened for time, I concluded sooner than usual ; but as soon as I had done Stephen began. After I had listened half an hour, finding he was no nearer the end, I rose up to go away. His sister then begged him to leave off, on which he flew into a violent rage, and roared louder and louder, till an honest man took him in his arms and gently carried him away.

What a wise providence was it that this poor young man turned Quaker some years before he ran mad ! So the honour of turning his brain now rests upon them, which otherwise must have fallen upon the Methodists.

1761, Feb. 21 (*Sat.*). I spent some hours with Mr. Lloyd and Mr. l'Anson in order to prevent another Chancery suit. And though the matter could not be then fully adjusted, yet the suit did not go on.

24 (*Tues.*). I retired to Lewisham, and transcribed the list of the society. About a hundred and sixty I left out, to whom I can do no good at present. The number of those which now remain is two thousand three hundred and seventy-five.

27 (*Fri.*). At twelve I met about thirty persons who

had experienced a deep work of God ; and I appointed an hour for meeting them every week. Whether they are saved from sin or no, they are certainly full of faith and love, and peculiarly helpful to my soul.

*March 1 (Sun.).* We had a happy love feast at the chapel. Many of our brethren spoke plainly and artlessly what God had done for their souls. I think none were offended ; but many were strengthened and comforted.

*4 (Wed.).* I was scarce come into the room where a few believers were met together when one began to tremble exceedingly, and soon after sunk to the floor. After a violent struggle she burst out into prayer, which was quickly changed into praise. She then declared, " The Lamb of God has taken away all my sins." She spoke many strong words to the same effect, rejoicing with joy unspeakable.

*6 (Fri.).* I met again with those who believe God has delivered them from the root of bitterness. Their number increases daily. I know not if fifteen or sixteen have not received the blessing this week.

*9 (Mon.).* I set out early and about noon preached at High Wycombe, where the dry bones begin to shake again. In the afternoon I rode on to Oxford, and spent an agreeable evening with Mr. H. His openness and frankness of behaviour were both pleasing and profitable. Such conversation I want ; but I do not wonder it is offensive to men of nice ears.

*10 (Tues.).* We rode to Evesham, where I found the poor shattered society almost sunk to nothing. And no wonder, since they have been almost without help, till Mr. Mather came. In the evening I preached in the town hall. Both at this time and at five in the morning God applied His word, and many found a desire to " strengthen the things that remained." I designed to have rested on *Wednesday* but finding that notice had been given of my preaching at Stanley we got thither through roads almost impassable, about noon, and found more people than the house could contain ; so



I stood in the yard, and proclaimed free salvation to a loving, simple people. Several were in tears, and all of them so thankful that I could not repent of my labour.

The congregation at Evesham in the evening was thrice as large as the night before. Indeed many of them did not design to hear, or to let any one else hear ; but they were over-ruled, and behaved with tolerable decency till the service was over. Then they roared amain ; but I walked straight through them, and none offered the least rudeness.

12 (*Thurs.*). About one I preached at Redditch to a deeply serious congregation ; about seven, in the room at Birmingham, now far too small for the congregation.

13 (*Fri.*). Many flocked together at five, and far more than the room would contain in the evening. Perhaps the time is come for the gospel to take root even in this barren soil.

14 (*Sat.*). I rode to Wednesbury.

15 (*Sun.*). I made a shift to preach within at eight in the morning ; but in the afternoon I knew not what to do, having a pain in my side and a sore throat. However, I resolved to speak as long as I could. I stood at one end of the house, and the people (supposed to be eight or ten thousand) in the field adjoining. I spoke from "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." When I had done speaking my complaints were gone. At the love feast in the evening many, both men and women, spoke their experience in a manner which affected all that heard. One in particular said, "For seventeen or eighteen years I thought that God had forgotten me. Neither I nor any under my roof could believe. But now, blessed be His name, He has taken me and all my house ; and given me and my wife and our seven children, to rejoice together in God our Saviour."

16 (*Mon.*). I intended to rest two or three days ; but, being pressed to visit Shrewsbury, and having no other time, I rode over today, though upon a miserable beast. I found the door of the place where I was to

preach surrounded by a numerous mob. But they seemed met only to stare. Yet part of them came in ; almost all that did (a large number) behaved quietly and seriously.

17 (*Tues.*). At five the congregation was large, and appeared not a little affected. The difficulty now was, how to get back, for I could not ride the horse on which I came ; but this too was provided for. We met in the street with one who lent me his horse, which was so easy that I grew better and better till I came to Wolverhampton. None had yet preached abroad in this furious town ; but I was resolved, with God's help, to make a trial, and ordered a table to be set in the inn-yard. Such a number of wild men I have seldom seen ; but they gave me no disturbance, either while I preached or when I afterwards walked through the midst of them.

About five I preached to a far larger congregation at Dudley, and all as quiet as at London. The scene is changed since the dirt and stones of this town were flying about me on every side.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Journal minimises the actual work done. Wesley preached on every possible occasion, often three and four times a day.

## ELIZABETH BYROM

1722-1801

ELIZABETH BYROM was the daughter of John Byrom, the hymn writer. She was an eye witness of Charles Edward's entry into Manchester when he invaded England in the astonishing adventure of 1745. The extant fragment of her diary covers the end of that, and the beginning of the following year.

*1745, Nov. 26.* They are at Preston this morning, came in there at ten oclock, behaved very civilly ; everybody is going out of town and sending all their effects away, there is hardly any family left but ours and our kin ; they have sent their shops and shut up shop, and all the warehouses in town almost are empty, tonight the bellman is going about to forbid anybody sending provision out of town, for a great many have today ; Dr. Mainwaring says the rebels have done nothing but what a rabble without a head might have done.

They pulled up Stockport bridge and Barton bridge, and we expect every minute they will begin at Salford bridge (they have begun at Cross Street), if they do, some folks say they will set the fire bells of ringing to raise a mob to stop them. Last Sunday Mr. Lewthwaite preached, and his text was, " He that has no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one " ; about a fortnight since his text was, " Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing ? " I have been laughing at him tonight about it.

27. The postmaster is gone to London today, we suppose to secure the money from falling into the hands of the rebels ; we expect a party of them here tomorrow. The Prince lay at Lawyer Starkey's at Preston last night ; he has marched from Carlisle on foot at the head of his army ; he was dressed in a Scotch plaid, a blue silk waistcoat with silver lace, and a Scotch bonnet with

J. R. on it. My aunt Ann is gone to Dr. Dunster's and Mrs. Mainwaring ; Mr. Hoole is dead. Tonight there's not above four women hardly left in the Square. Mr. H. Goddard is left in Mrs. Wilson's house ; I just called there. Mr. W. Blackburn and Coz Wright drank tea here this afternoon.

Yesterday the militia was all discharged and sent home, but just in time before the Highlanders come,—well contrived.

28 (*Thursday*). About three o'clock today came into town two men in Highland dress, and a woman behind one of them with a drum on her knee, and for all the loyal work that our Presbyterians have made, they took possession of the town as one may say, for immediately after they were 'light they beat up for volunteers for Prince Charles : " All gentlemen that have a mind to serve His Royal Highness Prince Charles with a willing mind, etc., five guineas advance," and nobody offered to meddle with them. They were directly joined by Mr. J. Bradshaw, Tom Lydall, Mr. Tom Deacon, Mr. Fletcher, Tom Chaddock, and several others have listed, above eighty men by eight o'clock, when my papa came down to tell us there was a party of horse come in ; he took care of me to the Cross, where I saw them all ; it is a very fine moonlight night ; Mr. Walley, Mr. Foden and Deputy billeted them. They are my Lord Pitsligo's Horse, and Hugh Sterling, that was 'prentice at Mr. Hibbert's, is with them, and the streets are exceeding quiet, there is not one person to be seen nor heard. One of the Highlanders that came today is a Yorkshireman, and is gone tonight to see his sister that lives at Sleat Hall ; he took his drawn sword in his hand and went by himself. My papa and my uncle are gone to consult with Mr. Croxton, Mr. Feilden and others, how to keep themselves out of any scrape, and yet behave civilly. All the justices fled and lawyers too but Coz Clowes.

29 (*Friday*). They are beating up for the Prince ; eleven o'clock we went up to the Cross to see the rest

come in ; there came small parties of them till about three o'clock, when the Prince and the main body of them came, I cannot guess how many. The Prince went straight up to Mr. Dickenson's, where he lodges, the Duke of Athol at Mr. Marsden's, the Duke of Perth at Gartside's. There came an officer up to us at Cross and gave us the manifests and declarations ; the bells they rung, and P. Cotterel made a bonfire, and all the town was illuminated, every house except Mr. Dickenson's, my papa mamma and sister, and my uncle and I walked up and down to see it ; about four o'clock the King was proclaimed, the mob shouted very cleverly, and then we went up to see my aunt Brearcliffe and stayed till eleven o'clock making St. Andrew's crosses for them ; we sat up making till two o'clock. Miss Vigor lies here.

## HENRY FIELDING

1707-1754

FIELDING was a dying man when he undertook the voyage to Lisbon in the vain hope of recovering some measure of health. He was so weakened with asthma and so swollen with dropsy, that he could not walk : he was carried from his cabin to the deck and from the deck to his cabin. Much of the time he was companionless, his wife and the other ladies of his party being prostrate with seasickness ; so he took to writing a journal partly to while away the weary hours and partly to provide something for those he was about to leave behind him. He intended it for publication. In it we see Fielding himself, the keenness of insight and the indomitable courage of the man, as well as his fellow travellers and the captain of the ship, portrayed with all the novelist's inimitable skill. The lack of his revising hand is obvious in places ; but the Journal is a remarkable piece of work by a sorely sick man in most uncomfortable surroundings.

*1754, Aug. 5 (Wednesday).* A gale struck up a little after sunrising, which carried us between three and four knots or miles an hour. We were this day at noon about the middle of the Bay of Biscay, when the wind once more deserted us, and we were so entirely becalmed, that we did not advance a mile in many hours. My fresh-water reader will perhaps conceive no unpleasant idea from this calm ; but it affected us much more than a storm could have done ; for, as the irascible passions of men are apt to swell with indignation long after the injury which first raised them is over, so fared it with the sea. It rose mountains high and lifted our poor ship up and down, backwards and forwards, with so violent an emotion, that there was scarce a man in the ship better able to stand than myself. Every utensil in our cabin rolled up and down, as we should have rolled ourselves, had not our chairs been fast lashed to

the floor. In this situation, with our tables likewise fastened by ropes, the captain and myself took our meal with some difficulty, and swallowed a little of our broth, for we spilt much the greater part. The remainder of our dinner being an old, lean, tame duck roasted, I regretted but little the loss of, my teeth not being good enough to have chewed it.

Our women, who began to creep out of their holes in the morning, retired again within the cabin to their beds, and were no more heard of this day, in which my whole comfort was to find by the captain's relation that the swelling was sometimes much worse ; he did, indeed take this occasion to be more communicative than ever, and informed me of such misadventures that had befallen him within forty-six years at sea as might frighten a very bold spirit from undertaking even the shortest voyage. Were these, indeed, but universally known, our matrons of quality would possibly be deterred from venturing their tender offspring at sea ; by which means our navy would lose the honour of many a young commodore, who at twenty-two is better versed in maritime affairs than real seamen are made by experience at sixty.

And this may perhaps appear the more extraordinary, as the education of both seems to be pretty much the same ; neither of them having had their courage tried by Virgil's description of a storm, in which, inspired as he was, I doubt whether our captain doth not exceed him.

In the evening the wind, which continued in the N.W., again freshened, and that so briskly that Cape Finisterre appeared by this day's observation to bear a few miles to the southward. We now indeed sailed, or rather flew, near ten knots an hour ; and the captain, in the redundancy of his good humour, declared he would go to church at Lisbon on Sunday next, for that he was sure of a wind ; and, indeed, we all firmly believed him. But the event again contradicted him ; for we were again visited by a calm in the evening.

But here, though our voyage was retarded, we were entertained with a scene, which as no one can behold

without going to sea, so no one can form an idea of anything equal to it on shore. We were seated on the deck, women and all, in the serenest evening that can be imagined. Not a single cloud presented itself to our view, and the sun himself was the only object which engrossed our whole attention. He did indeed set with a majesty which is incapable of description, with which, while the horizon was yet blazing with glory, our eyes were called off to the opposite part to survey the moon, which was then at full, and which in rising presented us with the second object that this world hath offered to our vision. Compared to these the pageantry of theatres, or splendour of courts, are sights almost below the regard of children.

We did not return from the deck till late in the evening ; the weather being inexpressibly pleasant, and so warm that even my old distemper perceived the alteration of the climate. There was indeed a swell, but nothing comparable to what we had felt before, and it affected us on the deck much less than in the cabin.

*Friday.* The calm continued till sunrising, when the wind likewise arose, but unluckily for us it came from a wrong quarter ; it was S.S.E., which is that very wind which Juno would have solicited of Æolus, had Æneas been in our latitude bound for Lisbon.

The captain now put on the most melancholy aspect, and resumed his former opinion that he was bewitched. He declared with great solemnity that this was worse and worse, for that a wind directly in his teeth was worse than no wind at all. Had we pursued the course which the wind persuaded us to take we had gone directly for Newfoundland, if we had not fallen in with Ireland in our way. Two ways remained to avoid this ; one was to put into a port of Galicia ; the other, to beat to the westward with as little sail as possible : and this was our captain's election.

As for us, poor passengers, any port would have been welcome to us ; especially, as not only our fresh provisions, except a great number of old ducks and fowls,



but even our bread was come to an end, and nothing but sea-biscuit remained, which I could not chew. So that now for the first time in my life I saw what it was to want a bit of bread.

The wind however was not so unkind as we had apprehended ; but, having declined with the sun, it changed at the approach of the moon, and became again favourable to us, though so gentle that the next day's observation carried us very little to the southward of Cape Finisterre. This evening at six the wind, which had been very quiet all day, rose very high, and continuing in our favour drove us seven knots an hour.

This day we saw a sail, the only one, as I heard of, we had seen in our whole passage through the bay. I mention this on account of what appeared to me somewhat extraordinary. Though she was at such a distance that I could only perceive she was a ship, the sailors discovered that she was a scow, bound to a port in Galicia.

## THOMAS TURNER

1729- ?

BORN in Kent, Turner spent most of his life in East Hoathly, Sussex, where at the age of twenty-one he opened a general store. His diary covers the years 1754 to 1765. It is an interesting document revealing a friendly, convivial, often foolish creature, with quite sincere aspirations after a more becoming life than he was able to lead. It begins with the adoption of rules for regulating his potations. "If I am at home or in company abroad, I will never drink more than four glasses of strong beer : one to toast the king's health, the second to the royal family, the third to all friends, and the fourth to the pleasure of the company. If there is either wine or punch, never upon any terms or persuasion to drink more than eight glasses, each glass to hold no more than half a quarter of a pint." Alas, he often failed to keep within the bounds of his very moderate moderation. But there were other sides to him. While lamenting the effects of the French war on his business he was unwilling to sue a debtor, and he does sometimes spend a pleasant evening with his wife after a busy day in his store. With some surprise we find him to be a reading man, making comments on *Paradise Lost* (which he read twice), on *Clarissa Harlowe* and on some of Shakespeare's plays. But poor Tom often gets mixed in his dates.

1757, Jan. 28. I went down to Mrs. Porter's<sup>1</sup> and acquainted her I could not get her gown before Monday, who received me with all the affability, courtesy and good humour imaginable. Oh ! what a pleasure would it be to serve them was they always in such a temper ; it would even induce me, almost, to forget to take a just profit. In the even I read part of the "New Whole Duty of Man."

Feb. 2. We supped at Mr. Fuller's and spent the evening with a great deal of mirth, till between one and two. Tho. Fuller brought my wife home upon his back.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Porter was the parson of the parish.

I cannot say I came home sober, though I was far from being bad company. I think we spent the evening with a great deal of pleasure.

17. This being the day appointed for a general fast and humiliation, myself, the boys, and servant was at church in the morning. This fast day hath, to all outward appearance, been observed in this parish with a great deal of decorum—the church in the morning being more thronged than I have seen it lately. Oh ! may religion once more rear up her head in this wicked and impious nation.

22 (*Wednesday*). About four P.M. I walked down to Whyly. We played at bragg the first part of the even. After ten we went to supper on four boiled chicken, four boiled ducks, minced veal, sausages, cold roast goose, chicken pasty, and ham. Our company, Mr. and Mrs. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Coates, Mrs. Atkins, Mrs. Hicks, Mr. Piper and wife, Joseph Fuller and wife, Dame Durrant, myself and wife, and Mr. French's family. After supper our behaviour was far from that of serious, harmless mirth ; it was downright obstreperous, mixed with a great deal of folly and stupidity. Our diversion was dancing or jumping about, without a violin or any music, singing of foolish healths, and drinking all the time as fast as it could be well poured down ; and the parson of the parish was one among the mixed multitude. If conscience declares right from wrong, as doubtless it sometimes does, mine is one that I may say is soon offended ; for, I must say, I am always very uneasy at such behaviour, thinking it not like the behaviour of the primitive Christians, which I imagine was most in conformity to our Saviour's gospel. Nor would I be thought to be either a cynic or a stoic, but let social improving discourse pass round the company. About three oclock, finding myself to have about as much liquor as would do me good, I slipt away unobserved, leaving my wife to make my excuse. Though I was very far from sober, I came home, thank God, very safe and well, without even tumbling ; and Mr.

French's servant brought my wife home at ten minutes past five.

25 (*Thursday*). This morning about six oclock just as my wife was got to bed, we was awaked by Mrs. Porter, who pretended she wanted some cream of tartar ; but as soon as my wife got out of bed, she vowed she should come down. She found Mr. Porter, Mr. Fuller and his wife, with a lighted candle, and part of a bottle of wine and a glass. The next thing was to have me down stairs, which being apprized of, I fastened my door. Up stairs they came, and threatened to break it open ; so I ordered the boys to open it, when they poured into my room ; and, as modesty forbid me to get out of bed, so I refrained ; but their immodesty permitted them to draw me out of bed, as the common phrase is, topsy turvey ; but, however, at the intercession of Mr. Porter, they permitted me to put on my \*\*\*\*\*, and instead of my upper cloaths, they gave me time to put on my wife's petticoats ; and in this manner they made me dance, without shoes and stockings, until they had emptied the bottle of wine, and also a bottle of my beer.

About three oclock in the afternoon, they found their way to their respective homes, beginning to be a little serious, and, in my opinion, ashamed of their stupid enterprise and drunken perambulation. Now, let any one call in reason to his assistance, and seriously reflect on what I have before recited, and they will join with me in thinking that the precepts delivered from the pulpit on Sunday, tho' delivered with the greatest ardour, must lose a great deal of their efficacy by such examples.

March 3 (*Sunday*). We had as good a sermon as I ever heard Mr. Porter preach, it being against swearing.

7 (*Tuesday*). We continued drinking like horses, as the vulgar phrase is, and singing till many of us were very drunk, and then we went to dancing and pulling wigs, caps, and hats ; and thus we continued in this frantic manner, behaving more like mad people than they that profess the name of Christians. Whether this

is consistent to the wise saying of Solomon, let any one judge : Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and he that is deceived thereby is not wise.

10. Supped at Mr. Porter's, where the same scene took place, with the exception that there was no swearing and no ill words, by reason of which Mr. Porter calls it innocent mirth, but I in opinion differ much therefrom.

11 (*Saturday*). At home all day. Very piteous.

## FANNY BURNEY, MADAME D'ARBLAY 1752-1840

FRANCES BURNEY was the daughter of Dr. Charles Burney, the indefatigable teacher, composer and historian of music. Left motherless at the age of nine, her education, in her sister's words, "carried itself on rather than owed its progress to any regular instruction." As soon as she could read—she was eight years old before she knew her letters—she had the run of her father's fine library, and in the society which gathered round him she met the foremost literary men of England and many illustrious foreign visitors. She had the art of learning by listening, an observant mind, a quick intelligence, and in spite of her bashfulness, a warm-hearted winning way with her which attracted the admiration and friendship of all sorts of people. From early childhood she amused herself and her sisters by writing little poems and romantic tales. The strictures of a well-beloved stepmother, however, induced her when she was fifteen to burn all her manuscripts. Works of fiction were not considered creditable to a woman in those days. She tried to give up writing, but the urge to self-expression was too strong. So she began to keep a diary, and a diary she kept practically all her long life. She certainly meant it originally to be very private and confidential, but as time went on she admitted others to share its secrets—her sisters, her father, Samuel Crisp, the oldest and dearest of the family's friends, and one or two others. In her later days she edited it and annotated it for publication, and left it when she died in the hands of a niece. It is one of our most interesting diaries. In its bright and often humorous accounts of social functions, its lively sketches of character, its records of conversations, we get vivid pictures of more than one section of XVIII-century society, and the impression of a conscientious, enthusiastic and affectionate woman whom it would have delighted us to know.

When she was twenty-six she published anonymously her first novel, *Evelina*. In 1786 she was appointed second keeper of the robes to Queen Charlotte. She found the duties of the office tedious beyond words. Her health was affected. She

resigned on a small pension after five years' service. Two years later she married a penniless French refugee, General D'Arblay, with whom she lived sometimes in France, sometimes in England, and whom she survived many years.

### *The Author's Introduction*

To have some account of my thoughts, manners, acquaintance, and actions, when the hour arrives at which time is more nimble than memory, is the reason which induces me to keep a Journal—a Journal in which I must confess my *every* thought—must open my whole heart.

But a thing of the kind ought to be addressed to somebody—I must imagine myself to be talking—talking to the most intimate of friends—to one in whom I should take delight in confiding, and feel remorse in concealment: but who must this friend be? To make choice of one in whom I can but *half* rely, would be to frustrate entirely the intention of my plan. The only one I could wholly, totally confide in, lives in the same house with me, and not only never *has*, but never *will*, leave me one secret to tell her. To *whom* then *must* I dedicate my wonderful, surprising, and interesting adventures?—to *whom* dare I reveal my private opinion of my nearest relations? my secret thoughts of my dearest friends? my own hopes, fears, reflections, and dislikes? Nobody.

To NOBODY, then, will I write my Journal!—since to Nobody can I be wholly unreserved, to Nobody can I reveal every thought, every wish of my heart, with the most unlimited confidence, the most unremitting sincerity, to the end of my life! For what chance, what accident, can end my connexions with Nobody? No secret *can* I conceal from Nobody, and to Nobody can I ever be unreserved. Disagreement cannot stop our affection—time itself has no power to end our friendship. The love, the esteem I entertain for Nobody, Nobody's self has not power to destroy. From Nobody I have nothing to fear. The secrets sacred to friendship No-

body will not reveal ; when the affair is doubtful, Nobody will not look towards the side least favourable.

1778, *June 18*. Here <sup>1</sup> I am, and here I have been this age ; though too weak to think of journalising ; however, as I never had so many curious anecdotes to record, I will not, at least this year, the first of my appearing in public—give up my favourite old hobby-horse.

I came hither the first week in May. My recovery, from that time to this, has been slow and sure ; but as I could hardly walk three yards in a day at first, I found so much time to spare, that I could not resist treating myself with a little private sport with “Evelina,” a young lady whom I think I have some right to make free with. I had promised *Hetty* <sup>2</sup> that *she* should read it to Mr. Crisp, at her own particular request ; but I wrote my excuses, and introduced it myself.

I told him it was a book which Hetty had taken to Brompton, to divert my cousin Richard during his confinement. He was so indifferent about it, that I thought he would not give himself the trouble to read it, and often embarrassed me by unlucky questions, such as, “If it was reckoned clever ?” and “What I thought of it ?” and “Whether folks laughed at it ?” I always evaded any direct or satisfactory answer ; but he was so totally free from any idea of suspicion, that my perplexity escaped his notice.

At length, he desired me to begin reading to him. I dared not trust my voice with the little introductory ode, for as *that* is no romance, but the sincere effusion of my heart, I could as soon read aloud my own letters, written in my own name and character : I therefore skipped it, and have so kept the book out of his sight, that, to this day, he knows not it is there. Indeed, I have, since, heartily repented that I read *any* of the book to him, for I found it a much more awkward

<sup>1</sup> At Chessington, the guest of Mr. Crisp, the very old family friend whom she called “daddy.”

<sup>2</sup> Her sister.



thing than I had expected : my voice quite faltered when I began it, which, however, I passed off for the effect of remaining weakness of lungs ; and, in short, from an invincible embarrassment, which I could not for a page together repress, the book, by my reading, lost all manner of spirit.

Nevertheless, though he has by no means treated it with the praise so lavishly bestowed upon it from other quarters, I had the satisfaction to observe that he was even greedily eager to go on with it ; so that I flatter myself the *story* caught his attention : and, indeed, allowing for my *mauling* reading, he gave it quite as much credit as I had any reason to expect. But now that I was sensible of my error in being my own mistress of the ceremonies, I determined to leave to Hetty the third volume, and therefore pretended I had not brought it. He was in a delightful ill-humour about it, and I enjoyed his impatience far more than I should have done his forbearance. Hetty, therefore, when she comes, has undertaken to bring it.

I have had a visit from my beloved Susy,<sup>1</sup> who, with my mother and little Sally,<sup>2</sup> spent a day here, to my no small satisfaction ; and yet I was put into an embarrassment, of which I even yet know not what will be the end, during their short stay ; for Mr. Crisp, before my mother, very innocently said to Susan, “ O, pray, Susette, do send me the third volume of ‘ *Evelina* ’ ; Fanny brought me the first two on purpose, I believe, to tantalise me.”

I felt myself in a ferment ; and Susan, too, looked foolish, and knew not what to answer. As I sat on the same sofa with him, I gave him a gentle shove, as a token, which he could not but understand, that he had said something wrong—though I believe he could not imagine *what*. Indeed, how should he ?

My mother<sup>3</sup> instantly darted forward, and repeated “ *Evelina*—what’s that, pray ? ”

Again I *jolted* Mr. Crisp, who, very much perplexed,

<sup>1</sup> Sister.

<sup>2</sup> Step-sister.

<sup>3</sup> Step-mother.

said, in a boggling manner, that it was a novel—he supposed from the circulating library—“only a trumpery novel.”

Ah, my dear daddy! thought I, you would have devised some other sort of speech, if you knew all!—but he was really, as he well might be, quite at a loss for what I *wanted* him to say.

Two days after, I received from Charlotte<sup>1</sup> a letter, the most interesting that could be written to me, for it acquainted me that my dear father was at length reading my book, which has now been published six months.

How this has come to pass, I am yet in the dark; but, it seems, the very moment almost that my mother and Susan and Sally left the house, he desired Charlotte to bring him the *Monthly Review*; she contrived to look over his shoulder as he opened it, which he did at the account of “*Evelina; or, a Young Lady’s Entrance into the World.*” He read it with great earnestness, then put it down; and presently after snatched it up, and read it again. Doubtless his paternal heart felt some agitation for his girl in reading a review of her publication!—how he got at the name I cannot imagine.

Soon after, he turned to Charlotte, and bidding her come close to him, he put his finger on the word “*Evelina,*” and saying, *she knew what it was*, bade her write down the name, and send the man to Lowndes’, as if for herself. This she did, and away went William.

When William returned, he took the book from him, and the moment he was gone, opened the first volume—and opened it upon the *ode*!

How great must have been his astonishment at seeing himself so addressed! Indeed, Charlotte says, he looked all amazement, read a line or two with great eagerness, and then, stopping short, he seemed quite affected, and the tears started into his eyes: dear soul! I am sure they did into mine; nay, I even sobbed as I read the account.

I believe he was obliged to go out before he advanced

<sup>1</sup> Sister.

much further. But the next day I had a letter from Susan, in which I heard that he had begun reading it with Lady Hales and Miss Coussmaker, and that they liked it vastly ! Lady Hales spoke of it very innocently, in the highest terms, declaring she was sure it was written by somebody in high life, and that it had all the marks of real genius ! She added, " he must be a man of great abilities ! "

They little think how well they are already acquainted with the writer they so much honour !—Susan begged to have, then, my father's *real* and *final* opinion ;—and it is such as I almost blush to write, even for my own private reading ; but yet is such as I can by no means suffer to pass unrecorded, as my whole journal contains nothing so grateful to me. I will copy his own words, according to Susan's solemn declaration of their authenticity.

" Upon my word, I think it the best novel I know excepting Fielding's, and, in some respects, *better* than his ! I have been excessively pleased with it ; there are, perhaps, a few things that might have been otherwise. Mirvan's trick upon Lovel is, I think, carried too far,—there is something even disgusting in it : however, this instance excepted, I protest I think it will scarce bear an improvement. The language is as good as anybody need write—I declare as good as I would *wish* to read. Lord Orville's character is just what it should be ; perfectly benevolent and upright ; and there is a *boldness* in it that struck me mightily, for he is a man not *ashamed* of being better than the rest of mankind. Evelina is in a new style, too, so perfectly innocent and natural ; and the scene between her and her father, Sir John Belmont, is a scene for a tragedy ! I blubbered at it, and Lady Hales and Miss Coussmaker are not yet recovered from hearing it ; it made them quite ill : it is, indeed, wrought up in a most extraordinary manner ! "

This account delighted me more than I can express. How little did I dream of ever being so much honoured ! But the approbation of all the world put together would

not bear any competition, in my estimation, with that of my beloved father.

What will all this come to ?—where will it end ?—and when and how shall I wake from the vision of such splendid success ? for I hardly know how to believe it real.

Well, I cannot but rejoice that I published the book, little as I ever imagined how it would fare ; for hitherto it has occasioned me no small diversion, and *nothing* of the disagreeable sort. But I often think a change *will* happen, for I am by no means so sanguine as to suppose such success will be uninterrupted. Indeed, in the midst of the greatest satisfaction that I feel, an inward *something* which I cannot account for, prepares me to expect a reverse ; for the more the book is drawn into notice, the more exposed it becomes to criticism and remark.

*August.* I have now to write an account of the most consequential day I have spent since my birth ; namely, my Streatham visit.

Our journey to Streatham was the least pleasant part of the day, for the roads were dreadfully dusty, and I was really in the fidgets from thinking what my reception might be, and from fearing they would expect a less awkward and backward kind of person than I was sure they would find.

Mr. Thrale's house is white, and very pleasantly situated, in a fine paddock. Mrs. Thrale was strolling about, and came to us as we got out of the chaise.

She then received me, taking both my hands, and with mixed politeness and cordiality welcoming me to Streatham. She led me into the house, and addressed herself almost wholly for a few minutes to my father, as if to give me an assurance she did not mean to regard me as a show, or to distress or frighten me by drawing me out. Afterwards she took me upstairs, and showed me the house, and said she had very much wished to see me at Streatham, and should always think herself much obliged to Dr. Burney for his goodness in bringing me, which she looked upon as a very great favour.

But though we were some time together, and though she was so very civil, she did not *hint* at my book, and I love her much more than ever for her delicacy in avoiding a subject which she could not but see would have greatly embarrassed me.

When we returned to the music-room, we found Miss Thrale was with my father. Miss Thrale is a very fine girl, about fourteen years of age, but cold and reserved, though full of knowledge and intelligence.

Soon after, Mrs. Thrale took me to the library ; she talked a little while upon common topics, and then, at last, she mentioned "Evelina."

"Yesterday at supper," said she, "we talked it all over, and discussed all your characters ; but Dr. Johnson's favourite is Mr. Smith. He declares the fine gentleman *manqué* was never better drawn : and he acted him all the evening, saying 'he was all for the ladies !' He repeated whole scenes by heart. I declare I was astonished at him. O you can't imagine how much he is pleased with the book ; he 'could not get rid of the rogue,' he told me. But was it not droll," said she, "that I should recommend it to Dr. Burney ? and tease him, so innocently, to read it ?"

I now prevailed upon Mrs. Thrale to let me amuse myself, and she went to dress. I then prowled about to choose some book, and I saw, upon the reading-table, "Evelina"—I had just fixed upon a new translation of Cicero's *Lælius*, when the library door was opened, and Mr. Seward entered. I instantly put away my book, because I dreaded being thought studious and affected. He offered his service to find anything for me, and then, in the same breath, ran on to speak of the book with which I had myself "favoured the world !"

The exact words he began with I cannot recollect, for I was actually confounded by the attack ; and his abrupt manner of letting me know he was *au fait* equally astonished and provoked me. How different from the delicacy of Mr. and Mrs. Thrale !

When we were summoned to dinner, Mrs. Thrale

made my father and me sit on each side of her. I said that I hoped I did not take Dr. Johnson's place ;—for he had not yet appeared.

"No," answered Mrs. Thrale, "he will sit by you, which I am sure will give him great pleasure."

Soon after we were seated, this great man entered. I have so true a veneration for him, that the very sight of him inspires me with delight and reverence, notwithstanding the cruel infirmities to which he is subject ; for he has almost perpetual convulsive movements, either of his hands, lips, feet, or knees, and sometimes of all together.

Mrs. Thrale introduced me to him, and he took his place. We had a noble dinner, and a most elegant dessert. Dr. Johnson, in the middle of dinner, asked Mrs. Thrale what was in some little pies that were near him.

"Mutton," answered she, "so I don't ask you to eat any, because I know you despise it."

"No, madam, no," cried he ; "I despise nothing that is good of its sort ; but I am too proud now to eat of it. Sitting by Miss Burney makes me very proud to-day !"

"Miss Burney," said Mrs. Thrale, laughing, "you must take great care of your heart if Dr. Johnson attacks it ; for I assure you he is not often successful."

"What's that you say, madam," cried he, "are you making mischief between the young lady and me already ?"

A little while after he drank Miss Thrale's health and mine, and then added :

"'Tis a terrible thing that we cannot wish young ladies well, without wishing them to become old women !"

"But some people," said Mr. Seward, "are old and young at the same time, for they wear so well that they never look old."

"No, sir, no," cried the doctor, laughing ; "that never yet was ; you might as well say they are at the

same time tall and short. I remember an epitaph to that purpose, which is in . . .”

(I have quite forgot what,—and also the name it was made upon, but the rest I recollect exactly :

“ . . . lies buried here ;  
So early wise, so lasting fair,  
That none, unless her years you told,  
Thought her a child, or thought her old.”

Mrs. Thrale then repeated some lines in French, and Dr. Johnson some more in Latin. An epilogue of Mr. Garrick's to Bonduca was then mentioned, and Dr. Johnson said it was a miserable performance, and everybody agreed it was the worst he had ever made.

“ And yet,” said Mr. Seward, “ it has been very much admired ; but it is in praise of English valour, and so I suppose the subject made it popular.”

“ I don't know, sir,” said Dr. Johnson, “ anything about the subject, for I could not read on till I came to it. I got through half a dozen lines, but I could observe no other subject than eternal dulness. I don't know what is the matter with David ; I am afraid he is grown superannuated, for his prologues and epilogues used to be incomparable.”

“ Nothing is so fatiguing,” said Mrs. Thrale, “ as the life of a wit : he and Wilkes are the two oldest men of their ages I know ; for they have both worn themselves out by being eternally on the rack to give entertainment to others.”

“ David, madam,” said the doctor, “ looks much older than he is ; for his face has had double the business of any other man's ; it is never at rest ; when he speaks one minute, he has quite a different countenance to what he assumes the next ; I don't believe he ever kept the same look for half an hour together in the whole course of his life ; and such an eternal, restless, fatiguing play of the muscles must certainly wear out a man's face before its real time.”

“ O yes,” cried Mrs. Thrale, “ we must certainly make some allowance for such wear and tear of a man's face.”

The next name that was started was that of Sir John Hawkins : and Mrs. Thrale said, " Why now, Dr. Johnson, he is another of those whom you suffer nobody to abuse but yourself ; Garrick is one, too ; for if any other person speaks against him, you browbeat him in a minute ! "

" Why, madam," answered he, " they don't know when to abuse him, and when to praise him ; I will allow no man to speak ill of David that he does not deserve ; and as to Sir John, why really I believe him to be an honest man at the bottom : but to be sure he is penurious, and he is mean, and it must be owned, he has a degree of brutality, and a tendency to savageness, that cannot easily be defended."

We all laughed, as he meant we should, at this curious manner of speaking in his favour, and he then related an anecdote that he said he knew to be true in regard to his meanness. He said that Sir John and he once belonged to the same club, but that as he eat no supper after the first night of his admission, he desired to be excused paying his share.

" And was he excused ? "

" O yes ; for no man is angry at another for being inferior to himself ! we all scorned him, and admitted his plea. For my part, I was such a fool as to pay my share for wine, though I never tasted any. But Sir John was a most *unclubable* man ! "

" And this," continued he, " reminds me of a gentleman and lady with whom I travelled once ; I suppose I must call them gentleman and lady, according to form, because they travelled in their own coach and horses. But at the first inn where we stopped, the lady called for—a pint of ale ! and when it came, quarrelled with the waiter for not giving full measure.—Now, Madame Duval could not have done a grosser thing ! "

Oh, how everybody laughed ! and to be sure I did not glow at all, nor munch fast, nor look on my plate, nor lose any part of my usual composure ! But how grateful do I feel to this dear Dr. Johnson, for never



naming me and the book as belonging one to the other, and yet making an allusion that showed his thoughts led to it, and, at the same time, that seemed to justify the character as being natural ! But, indeed, the delicacy I met with from him, and from all the Thrals, was yet more flattering to me than the praise with which I have heard they have honoured my book.

After dinner, when Mrs. Thrale and I left the gentlemen, we had a conversation that to me could not but be delightful, as she was all good humour, spirits, sense, and *agreeability*. Surely I may make words, when at a loss, if Dr. Johnson does.

We left Streatham at about eight o'clock, and Mr. Seward, who handed me into the chaise, added his interest to the rest, that my father would not fail to bring me again next week to stay with them some time. In short, I was loaded with civilities from them all. And my ride home was equally happy with the rest of the day, for my kind and most beloved father was so happy in *my* happiness, and congratulated me so sweetly, that he could, like myself, think on no other subject.

Yet my honours stopped not here ; for Hetty, who, with her *sposo*, was here to receive us, told me she had lately met Mrs. Reynolds, sister of Sir Joshua ; and that she talked very much and very highly of a new novel called " *Evelina* " ; though without a shadow of suspicion as to the scribbler ; and not contented with her own praise, she said that Sir Joshua, who began it one day when he was too much engaged to go on with it, was so much caught, that he could think of nothing else, and was quite absent all the day, not knowing a word that was said to him : and when he took it up again, found himself so much interested in it, that he sat up all night to finish it !

Sir Joshua, it seems, vows he would give fifty pounds to know the author ! I have also heard, by the means of Charles, that other persons have declared they *will* find him out !

This intelligence determined me upon going myself

to Mr. Lowndes, and discovering what sort of answers he made to such curious inquirers as I found were likely to address him. But as I did not dare trust myself to speak, for I felt that I should not be able to act my part well, I asked my mother to accompany me.

We introduced ourselves by buying the book, for which I had a commission from Mrs. G——. Fortunately Mr. Lowndes himself was in the shop ; as we found by his air of consequence and authority, as well as his age ; for I never saw him before.

The moment he had given my mother the book, she asked if he could tell her who wrote it.

“ No,” he answered, “ I don’t know myself.”

“ Pho, pho,” said she. “ You mayn’t choose to tell, but you must know.”

“ I don’t, indeed, ma’am,” answered he, “ I have no honour in keeping the secret, for I have never been trusted. All I know of the matter is, that it is a gentleman of the other end of the town.”

My mother made a thousand other inquiries, to which his answers were to the following effect : that for a great while, he did not know if it was a man or a woman ; but now, he knew that much, and that he was a master of his subject, and well versed in the manners of the times.

“ For some time,” continued he, “ I thought it had been Horace Walpole’s ; for he once published a book in this snug manner ; but I don’t think it is now. I have often people come to inquire of me who it is ; but I suppose he will come out soon, and then, when the rest of the world knows it, I shall. Servants often come for it from the other end of the town, and I have asked them divers questions myself, to see if I could get at the author ; but I never got any satisfaction.”

Just before we came away, upon my mother’s still further pressing him, he said, with a most important face :

“ Why, to tell you the truth, madam, I have been informed that it is a piece of real secret history ; and, in that case, it will never be known.”

This was too much for me ; I grinned irresistibly, and

was obliged to look out at the shop-door till we came away.

KEW PALACE, 1789, *February 2 (Monday)*. What an adventure had I this morning ! one that has occasioned me the severest personal terror I ever experienced in my life.

Sir Lucas Pepys still persisting that exercise and air were absolutely necessary to save me from illness, I have continued my walks, varying my gardens from Richmond to Kew, according to the accounts I received of the movements of the King. For this I had her Majesty's permission, on the representation of Sir Lucas.

This morning, when I received my intelligence of the King from Dr. John Willis, I begged to know where I might walk in safety. "In Kew Gardens," he said, "as the King would be in Richmond."

"Should any unfortunate circumstance," I cried, "at any time, occasion my being seen by his Majesty, do not mention my name, but let me run off without call or notice."

This he promised. Everybody, indeed, is ordered to keep out of sight.

Taking, therefore, the time I had most at command, I strolled into the gardens. I had proceeded, in my quick way, nearly half the round, when I suddenly perceived through some trees, two or three figures. Relying on the instructions of Dr. John, I concluded them to be workmen and gardeners ; yet tried to look sharp, and in so doing, as they were less shaded, I thought I saw the person of his Majesty !

Alarmed past all possible expression, I waited not to know more, but turning back, ran off with all my might. But what was my terror to hear myself pursued ! —to hear the voice of the King himself loudly and hoarsely calling after me, "Miss Burney ! Miss Burney !"

I protest I was ready to die. I knew not in what state he might be at the time ; I only knew the orders

to keep out of his way were universal ; that the Queen would highly disapprove any unauthorised meeting, and that the very action of my running away might deeply, in his present irritable state, offend him. Nevertheless, on I ran, too terrified to stop, and in search of some short passage, 'for the garden is full of little labyrinths, by which I might escape.

The steps still pursued me, and still the poor hoarse and altered voice rang in my ears :—more and more footsteps resounded frightfully behind me,—the attendants all running, to catch their eager master, and the voices of the two Doctor Willises loudly exhorting him not to heat himself so unmercifully.

Heavens, how I ran ! I do not think I should have felt the hot lava from Vesuvius—at least not the hot cinders—had I so run during its eruption. My feet were not sensible that they even touched the ground.

Soon after, I heard other voices, shriller, though less nervous, call out “ Stop ! Stop ! Stop ! ”

I could by no means consent : I knew not what was purposed, but I recollected fully my agreement with Dr. John that very morning, that I should decamp if surprised, and not be named.

My own fears and repugnance, also, after a flight and disobedience like this, were doubled in the thought of not escaping : I knew not to what I might be exposed, should the malady be then high, and take the turn of resentment. Still, therefore, on I flew ; and such was my speed, so almost incredible to relate or recollect, that I fairly believe no one of the whole party could have overtaken me, if these words, from one of the attendants, had not reached me, “ Doctor Willis begs you to stop ! ”

“ I cannot ! I cannot ! ” I answered, still flying on, when he called out, “ You must, ma'am ; it hurts the King to run.”

Then, indeed, I stopped—in a state of fear really amounting to agony. I turned round, I saw the two Doctors had got the King between them, and three attendants of Dr. Willis's were hovering about. They all

slackened their pace, as they saw me stand still ; but such was the excess of my alarm, that I was wholly insensible to the effects of a race which, at any other time, would have required an hour's recruit.

As they approached, some little presence of mind happily came to my command : it occurred to me that, to appease the wrath of my flight, I must now show some confidence : I therefore faced them as undauntedly as I was able, only charging the nearest of the attendants to stand by my side.

When they were within a few yards of me, the King called out, " Why did you run away ? "

Shocked at a question impossible to answer, yet a little assured by the mild tone of his voice, I instantly forced myself forward, to meet him, though the internal sensation, which satisfied me this was a step the most proper to appease his suspicions and displeasure, was so violently combated by the tremor of my nerves, that I fairly think I may reckon it the greatest effort of personal courage I have ever made.

The effort answered : I looked up, and met all his wonted benignity of countenance, though something still of wildness in his eyes. Think, however, of my surprise, to feel him put both his hands round my two shoulders, and then kiss my cheek !

I wonder I did not really sink, so exquisite was my affright when I saw him spread out his arms ! Involuntarily, I concluded he meant to crush me : but the Willises, who have never seen him till this fatal illness, not knowing how very extraordinary an action this was from him, simply smiled and looked pleased, supposing, perhaps, it was his customary salutation !

I believe, however, it was but the joy of a heart unbridled, now, by the forms and proprieties of established custom and sober reason. To see any of his household thus by accident, seemed such a near approach to liberty and recovery, that who can wonder it should serve rather to elate than lessen what yet remains of his disorder !

He now spoke in such terms of his pleasure in seeing

me, that I soon lost the whole of my terror ; astonishment to find him so nearly well, and gratification to see him so pleased, removed every uneasy feeling, and the joy that succeeded, in my conviction of his recovery, made me ready to throw myself at his feet to express it.

What a conversation followed ! When he saw me fearless, he grew more and more alive, and made me walk close by his side, away from the attendants, and even the Willises themselves, who, to indulge him, retreated. I own myself not completely composed, but alarm I could entertain no more.

Everything that came uppermost in his mind he mentioned ; he seemed to have just such remains of his flightiness as heated his imagination without deranging his reason, and robbed him of all control over his speech, though nearly in his perfect state of mind as to his opinions.

What did he not say ! He opened his whole heart to me,—expounded all his sentiments, and acquainted me with all his intentions.

The heads of his discourse I must give you briefly, as I am sure you will be highly curious to hear them, and as no accident can render of much consequence what a man says in such a state of physical intoxication.

He assured me he was quite well—as well as he had ever been in his life ; and then inquired how I did, and how I went on ? and whether I was more comfortable ?

If these questions, in their implication, surprised me, imagine how that surprise must increase when he proceeded to explain them ! He asked after the coadjutrix, laughing, and saying, “ Never mind her !—don’t be oppressed—I am your friend ! don’t let her cast you down !—I know you have a hard time of it—but don’t mind her ! ”

Almost thunderstruck with astonishment, I merely curtseyed to his kind “ I am your friend,” and said nothing.

Then presently he added, “ Stick to your father—stick to your own family—let them be your objects.”

How readily I assented !

Again he repeated all I have just written, nearly in the same words, but ended it more seriously : he suddenly stopped, and held me to stop too, and putting his hand on his breast, in the most solemn manner, he gravely and slowly said, " I will protect you !—I promise you that—and therefore depend upon me ! "

I thanked him ; and the Willises, thinking him rather too elevated, came to propose my walking on. " No, no, no," he cried, a hundred times in a breath ; and their good humour prevailed, and they let him again walk on with his new companion.

He then gave me a history of his pages, animating almost into a rage, as he related his subjects of displeasure with them, particularly with Mr. Ernst, who, he told me, had been brought up by himself. I hope his ideas upon these men are the result of the mistakes of his malady.

Then he asked me some questions that very greatly distressed me, relating to information given him in his illness, from various motives, but which he suspected to be false, and which I knew he had reason to suspect : yet was it most dangerous to set anything right, as I was not aware what might be the view of their having been stated wrong. I was as discreet as I knew how to be, and I hope I did no mischief ; but this was the worst part of the dialogue.

He next talked to me a great deal of my dear father, and made a thousand inquiries concerning his " History of Music." This brought him to his favourite theme, Handel ; and he told me innumerable anecdotes of him, and particularly that celebrated tale of Handel's saying of himself, when a boy, " While that boy lives, my music will never want a protector." And this, he said, I might relate to my father.

Then he ran over most of his oratorios, attempting to sing the subjects of several airs and choruses, but so dreadfully hoarse that the sound was terrible.

Dr. Willis, quite alarmed at this exertion, feared he would do himself harm, and again proposed a separation.

"No ! No ! No !" he exclaimed, "not yet ; I have something I must just mention first."

Dr. Willis, delighted to comply, even when uneasy at compliance, again gave way.

The good King then greatly affected me. He began upon my revered old friend, Mrs. Delany ; and he spoke of her with such warmth—such kindness ! "She was my friend," he cried, "and I loved her as a friend ! I have made a memorandum when I lost her—I will show it you."

He pulled out a pocket-book, and rummaged some time, but to no purpose.

The tears stood in his eyes—he wiped them, and Dr. Willis again became very anxious. "Come, sir," he cried, "now do you come in and let the lady go on her walk—come, now, you have talked a long while,—so we'll go in—if your Majesty pleases."

"No, no !" he cried, "I want to ask her a few questions ;—I have lived so long out of the world, I know nothing !"

This touched me to the heart. We walked on together, and he inquired after various persons, particularly Mrs. Boscawen, because she was Mrs. Delany's friend ! Then, for the same reason, after Mr. Frederick Montagu, of whom he kindly said, "I know he has a great regard for me, for all he joined the opposition." Lord Grey de Wilton, Sir Watkin Wynn, the Duke of Beaufort, and various others, followed.

He then told me he was very much dissatisfied with several of his state officers, and meant to form an entire new establishment. He took a paper out of his pocket-book, and showed me his new list.

This was the wildest thing that passed ; and Dr. John Willis now seriously urged our separating ; but he would not consent ; he had only three more words to say, he declared, and again he conquered.

He now spoke of my father, with still more kindness, and told me he ought to have had the post of Master of the Band, and not that little poor musician Parsons,



who was not fit for it : “ But Lord Salisbury,” he cried, “ used your father very ill in that business, and so he did me ! However, I have dashed out his name, and I shall put your father’s in,—as soon as I get loose again ! ”

This again—how affecting was this !

“ And what,” cried he, “ has your father got, at last ? nothing but that poor thing at Chelsea ? O fie ! fie ! fie ! But never mind ! I will take care of him ! I will do it myself ! ”

Then presently he added, “ As to Lord Salisbury, he is out already, as this memorandum will show you, and so are many more. I shall be much better served ; and when once I get away, I shall rule with a rod of iron ! ”

This was very unlike himself, and startled the two good doctors, who could not bear to cross him, and were exulting at my seeing his great amendment, but yet grew quite uneasy at his earnestness and volubility.

Finding we now must part, he stopped to take leave, and renewed again his charges about the coadjutrix. “ Never mind her ! ” he cried, “ depend upon me ! I will be your friend as long as I live ! I here pledge myself to be your friend ! ” And then he saluted me again just as at the meeting, and suffered me to go on.

What a scene ! how variously was I affected by it ! but, upon the whole, how inexpressibly thankful to see him so nearly himself—so little removed from recovery !

*1789, November 18.* We went to town not only for the drawing-room on the next day, but also for the play on this Wednesday night ; and the party appointed to sit in the Queen’s private box, as, on these occasions, the balcony-box opposite to the Royals is called, dined with Mrs. Schwollenberg—namely, Mrs. Stainforth, Miss Planta, Mr. De Luc, and Mr. Thomas Willis.

When we arrived at the playhouse we found the lobby and all the avenues so crowded, that it was with the utmost difficulty we forced our way up the stairs. It was the first appearance of the good King at the theatre since his illness.

When we got upstairs, we were stopped effectually : there was not room for a fly ; and though our box was not only taken and kept, but partitioned off, to get to it was wholly impracticable.

Mr. Willis and Miss Planta protested they would go down again, and remonstrate with Mr. Harris, the manager ; and I must own the scene that followed was not unentertaining. Mrs. Stainforth and myself were fast fixed in an angle at the corner of the stairs, and Mr. De Luc stood in the midst of the crowd, where he began offering so many grave arguments, with such deliberation and precision, every now and then going back in his reasoning to correct his own English, representing our right to proceed, and the wrong of not making way for us, that it was irresistibly comic to see the people stare, as they pushed on, and to see his unconscious content in their passing him, so long as he completed his expostulations on their indecorum.

Meanwhile, poor Mrs. Stainforth lost her cloak, and in her loud lamentations, and calls upon all present to witness her distress (to which, for enhancing its importance, she continually added, "Whoever has found it should bring it to the Queen's house"), she occupied the attention of all upon the stairs as completely as it was occupied by Mr. De Luc for all in the passages : but, hélas ! neither the philosophic harangue of the one, nor the royal dignity of the other, prevailed ; and while there we stood, expecting an avenue to be formed, either for our eloquence or our consequence, not an inch of ground did we gain, and those who had neither made their way, and got on in multitudes.

Offended, at length, as well as tired, Mrs. Stainforth proposed our going down and waiting in the lobby, till Mr. Harris arrived.

Here we were joined by a gentleman, whose manner of fixing me showed a half-recollection of my face, which I precisely returned him, without being able to recollect where I had seen him before. He spoke to Mrs. Stainforth, who answered as if she knew him, and then

he came to me and offered to assist in getting me to my box. I told him the manager had already been sent to. He did not, however, go off, but entered into conversation upon the crowd, play, &c., with the ease of an old acquaintance. I took the first opportunity to inquire from Mrs. Stainforth who he was, and heard—Lord Mountmorres, whom you may remember I met with at the theatre at Cheltenham.

What, however, was ridiculous enough, was, that, after a considerable length of time, he asked me who Mrs. Stainforth was ! and I afterwards heard he had made the same inquiry of herself about me ! The difference of a dressed and undressed head had occasioned, I suppose, the doubt.

The moment, however, he had completely satisfied himself in this, he fairly joined me, as if he had naturally belonged to our party. And it turned out very acceptable, for we were involved in all such sort of difficulties as our philosopher was the least adapted to remove.

We now went about, in and out, up and down, but without any power to make way, the crowd every instant thickening.

We then were fain to return to our quiet post, behind the side-boxes in the lobby, where we remained till the arrival of the King, and then were somewhat recompensed for missing the sight of his entrance, by hearing the sound of his reception : for so violent an huzzaing commenced, such thundering clapping, knocking with sticks, and shouting, and so universal a chorus of “ God save the King,” that not all the inconveniences of my situation could keep my heart from beating with joy, nor my eyes from running over with gratitude for its occasion.

Lord Mountmorres, who joined in the stick part of the general plaudit, exclaimed frequently,

“ What popularity is this ! how fine to a man’s feelings ! yet—he must find it embarrassing.”

Indeed I should suppose he could with difficulty bear it. ’Twas almost adoration ! How much I lament that.

I lost the sight of his benign countenance, during such glorious moments as the most favoured monarchs can scarce enjoy twice in the longest life !

Miss Planta and Mr. Willis now returned. They had had no success ; Mr. Harris said they might as well stem the tide of the ocean as oppose or rule such a crowd.

The play now began ; and Lord Mountmorres went away to reconnoitre ; but presently returning, said,

“ If you will trust yourself to me, I will show you your chance.”

And then he conducted me to the foot of the stairs leading to our box, which exhibited such a mass of living creatures, that the insects of an ant-hill could scarce be more compact.

We were passed by Lord Stopford, Captain Douglas, and some other of our acquaintance, who told us of similar distresses ; and in this manner passed the first act ! The box-keeper came and told Lord Mountmorres he could now give his lordship one seat : but the humours of the lobby he now preferred, and refused the place, though I repeatedly begged that we might not detain him. But he was determined to see us safe landed before he left us.

Mr. Harris now came again, and proposed taking us another way, to try to get up some back-stairs. We then went behind the scenes for this purpose : but here Mr. Harris was called away, and we were left upon the stage.

Lord Mountmorres led me to various peep-holes, where I could at least have the satisfaction of seeing the King and Royal Family, as well as the people, and the whole was a sight most grateful to my eyes.

So civil, however, and so attentive he was, that a new perplexity now occurred to me. He had given up his place, and had taken so much trouble, that I thought, if we at last got to our box, he would certainly expect to be accommodated in it. And to take anyone, without previous permission, into *the Queen's private box*, and immediately facing their Majesties, was a liberty I knew

not how to risk ; and, in truth, I knew not enough of his present politics to be at all sure if they might not be even peculiarly obnoxious.

This consideration, therefore, began now so much to reconcile me to this *emigrant evening*, that I ceased even to wish for recovering our box.

When Mr. Harris came back, he said he had nothing to propose but his own box, which we readily accepted.

To this our access was easy, as it was over the King and Queen, and consequently not desirable to those who came to see them. I too now preferred it, as it was out of their sight, and enabled me to tell Lord Mountmorres, who led me to it through the crowd with unceasing trouble and attention, that till he could get better accommodated a place was at his service.

He closed instantly with the offer, placing himself behind me ; but said he saw some of his relations in the opposite stage box, Lady Mornington and her beautiful daughter Lady Ann Wellesley, and, as soon as the act was over, he would go down and persuade them to make room for him.

I was shocked, however, after all this, to hear him own himself glad to sit down, as he was still rather lame, from a dreadful overturn in a carriage, in which his leg had been nearly crushed by being caught within the coach-door, which beat down upon it, and almost demolished it.

This anecdote, however, led to another more pleasant; for it brought on a conversation which showed me his present principles, at least, were all on the government side. The accident had happened during a journey to Chester, in his way to Ireland, whither he was hastening upon the Regency business, last winter : and he went to the Irish House of Peers the first time he quitted his room, after a confinement of three weeks from this terrible bruise.

“ But how,” cried I, “ could you stand ? ”

“ I did not stand,” he answered ; “ they indulged me with leave to speak sitting.”

“What a useful opening, then, my lord,” cried I, “did you lose for every new paragraph !”

I meant the cant of “Now I am upon my legs.” He understood it instantly, and laughed heartily, protesting it was no small detriment to his oratory.

The play was the “Dramatist,” written with that species of humour in caricature that resembles O’Keefe’s performances ; full of absurdities, yet laughable in the extreme. We heard very ill, and, missing the beginning, we understood still worse : so that, in fact, I was indebted to my new associate for all the entertainment I received the whole evening.

When the act was over, the place on which he had cast his eye, near Lady Mornington, was seized ; he laughed, put down his hat, and composed himself quietly for remaining where he was.

He must be a man of a singular character, though of what sort I know not : but in his conversation he showed much information, and a spirited desire of interchanging ideas with those who came in his way.

We talked a great deal of France, and he related to me a variety of anecdotes just fresh imported thence. He was there at the first assembling of the Notables, and he saw, he said, impending great events from that assemblage. The two most remarkable things that had struck him, he told me, in this wonderful revolution, were—first, that the French Guards should ever give up their King ; and secondly, that the chief spirit and capacity hitherto shown amongst individuals had come from the ecclesiastics.

He is very much of opinion the spirit of the times will come round to this island. In what, I asked, could be its pretence ?—The game laws, he answered, and the tithes.

He told me, also, a great deal of Ireland, and enlarged my political knowledge abundantly—but I shall not be so generous, my dear friends, as to let you into all these state matters.

But I must tell you a good sort of quirk of Mr.

Wilkes, who, when the power of the mob and their cruelty were first reciting, quarrelled with a gentleman for saying the French government was become a democracy, and asserted it was rather a *mobocracy*. The pit, he said, reminded him of a sight he once saw in Westminster Hall—a floor of faces.

He was a candidate for Westminster at that time, with Charles Fox !—Thus do we veer about.

At the end of the farce, “God save the King” was most vociferously called for from all parts of the theatre, and all the singers of the theatre came on the stage to sing it, joined by the whole audience, who kept it up till the Sovereign of his people’s hearts left the house. It was noble and heart-melting at once to hear and see such loyal rapture, and to feel and to know it so deserved.

#### FOR THE FORCES

Leave this book at a Post Office when you have read it, so that men and women in the Services may enjoy it too.

## INDEX

- Addison, Joseph, 70, 85
- Charles Edward in Lancashire, 118
- Consecration of a Bishop, 65
- Eclipse of the sun, 27
- Edward VI and his sister Mary, 12
- "England" or "Britain," 90
- "Evelina," 131
- Evelyn, Pepys' appreciation of, 42
- Examiner*, the, 84, 86
- Experiment and invention in the XVII century, 24, 31
- Fire, the Great, 44 *et seq.*
- First-Fruits reclaimed for the Irish Church, 71
- Georgia, measures for settling the colony of, 100 ; servitude in, 103 ; John Wesley in, 103
- Handel, 146
- Head-dress, ladies', 90
- Highwaymen, 29
- Huguenots, the, 27
- James II, flight of, 37
- Johnson, Samuel, 136 *et seq.*
- King's Evil, touching for, 35
- Landscape gardening, 26
- Master and servant, 22
- Medicine in the XVI century, 17
- Morals of the Restoration Court, 62
- Navy, the, care of sick seamen, 32 ; discipline in, 57 ; mutinous seamen, 42
- Old Pretender, the, escape of, 98
- Penal Code, severity of, 27
- Pepys, Evelyn's appreciation of, 38
- Plague, the Great, 31 *et seq.*, 40 *et seq.*, 44
- Prices, 18, 21, 67, 82
- Prince of Orange, landing of the, 34 *et seq.*
- Prior, Matthew, 70, 71, 73, 82, 84, 86, 88 *et seq.*, 92, 96
- Prisoners of war, 32, 33
- Queen Elizabeth's birthday celebrations, 87, 88, 92, 96
- Religious dissension, 62, 66
- Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 140
- Scotland in the XVII century, 67
- Silk-stone, 60, 61
- Spectator*, the, 84, 88
- Sport in the XVI century, 11, 12
- Superstition, 15, 64, 123
- Terra Sigillata, 60
- Thrale, Mrs., 135 *et seq.*
- Travel, conditions of, 29, 64, 68
- Tunbridge Wells, 29
- Uniformity, Act of, 91
- Usher, Archbishop, 26
- Wages, 15, 16, 17, 22
- Wars, Dutch and French, 28, 32, 39, 55
- Wesley, John, conversion of, 112 ; flight from Georgia, 105 ; preaching at 5 A.M., 114, 115, 116
- Wet-nursing of children, 14
- Winchelsea, 28



# LITERATURE

## NEW WRITING IN EUROPE

JOHN LEHMANN

(A81)

An introduction to the works of the most interesting younger writers of to-day. The argument is clear and stimulating ; and the many quotations with which it is illustrated make the book particularly valuable to those who know little as yet of poets, novelists and dramatists who may well be the classics of to-morrow.

## A SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

B. IFOR EVANS

(A72)

B. Ifor Evans has compressed into a bare 200 pages the whole story of English literature from *Beowulf* to *Finnegan's Wake*. He does not attempt to prove a thesis, and he has no violent prejudices to air. His aim is to set down the essential facts, and to get ten centuries of well-known achievement into their proper perspective.

## THE COMMON READER

VIRGINIA WOOLF

(A36)

"There is something not only vigorous, but also refined ; not only satisfactory in form, but excellent in matter—to say nothing of a pleasant pervading sense of humour—which gives Mrs. Woolf a high place among contemporary writers."—*Daily Telegraph*.

## LITERARY TASTE

ARNOLD BENNETT

(S11)

It is well to remind ourselves that literature is first and last a means of life, and that the enterprise of forming one's literary taste is an enterprise of learning how best to use this means of life.



*Chocolate and Cocoa,  
products of the cocoa bean,  
are concentrated foods,  
and the name 'Cadbury' is a  
guarantee of their purity  
and excellence*

Issued by

**CADBURY'S**  
of Bournville

THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN

# **POETRY**

## **THE CENTURY'S POETRY**

VOLS. 1 AND 2 EDITED BY D. KILHAM ROBERTS

A selection that reveals modern poetry, not as something that can be read and appreciated only by the few, but as something very much alive and full of meaning for men and women to-day.

## **A BOOK OF ENGLISH POETRY**

EDITED BY DR. G. B. HARRISON

A pocketful of nearly two hundred of the best poems in the richest language in the world.

## **AN ANTHOLOGY OF ANIMAL POETRY**

SELECTED BY KENNETH MASON

A collection of just over a hundred poems about beasts, birds, insects, reptiles and fish. They range from simple description and even nonsense verse to some of the highest flights of philosophic fancy.

## **TENNYSON**

SELECTED BY W. E. WILLIAMS

The first of a new series, *The Penguin Poets*, each of which will contain a selection of the best-known poet's work.

## **ENGLISH POETRY**

(POPE TO KEATS)

SELECTED BY D. KILHAM ROBERTS

Companion volume to *The Century's Poetry*.

**— PELICAN BOOKS —**

# **PRIMITIVE ART**

*L. Adam*

A new book describing the various forms which the artistic impulse has taken among primitive peoples, from the stone-age men who roamed the plains of Europe twenty thousand years ago, to the modern negro inventing new ways of carving the human figure among the forests of the Ivory Coast. (No. A 67.)

# **VISION and DESIGN**

*Clive Bell*

An idea of the scope of this book may be gathered from the list of subjects dealt with: Art and Life, Art and Socialism, Art and Science, The Art of the Bushmen, Negro Sculpture, Ancient American Art, Mohammedan Art, Giotto, Dürer, El Greco, Blake, Claude, Cézanne, Renoir, The Artist's Vision, etc. (No. A 20.)

# **WHAT IS ART?**

*D. S. MacColl*

This book, by a former "Keeper of the Tate," covers a wide range of artistic topics, from the genius of Rembrandt to the design on a postage stamp. (No. A 62.)

*Coming Shortly*

# **EUROPEAN PAINTING AND SCULPTURE**

*Eric Newton*

*Illustrated*

# **PELICAN BOOKS**

लाल बहादुर शास्त्री राष्ट्रीय प्रशासन अकादमी, पुस्तकालय  
*Bahadur Shastri National Academy of Administration Library*

मुसूरी  
MUSSOORIE

यह पुस्तक निम्नांकित तारीख तक वापिस करनी है ।

This book is to be returned on the date last stamped.

दिनांक Date	उधारकर्ता की संख्या Borrower's No	दिनांक Date	उधारकर्ता की संख्या Borrower's No.

828

Eng

अवाप्ति सं० 112292

ACC. No. ~~17637~~.....

वर्ग सं.

पुस्तक सं.

Class No..... Book No.....

लेखक

Author.....

शीर्षक

Title...English diaries of the  
16, 17 and 18 centuries.....

828

~~17637~~

Eng

**LIBRARY**

**LAL BAHADUR SHASTRI**

**National Academy of Administration**

**MUSSOORIE**

Accession No. 112292

1. Books are issued for 15 days only but may have to be recalled earlier if urgently required.
2. An over-due charge of 25 Paise per day per volume will be charged.
3. Books may be renewed on request, at the discretion of the Librarian.
4. Periodicals, Rare and Reference books may not be issued and may be consulted only in the Library.
5. Books lost, defaced or injured in any way shall have to be replaced or its double price shall be paid by the borrower.